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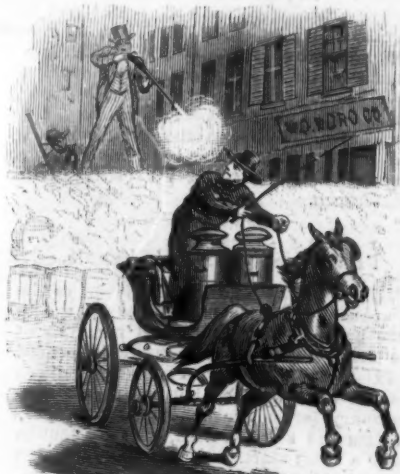
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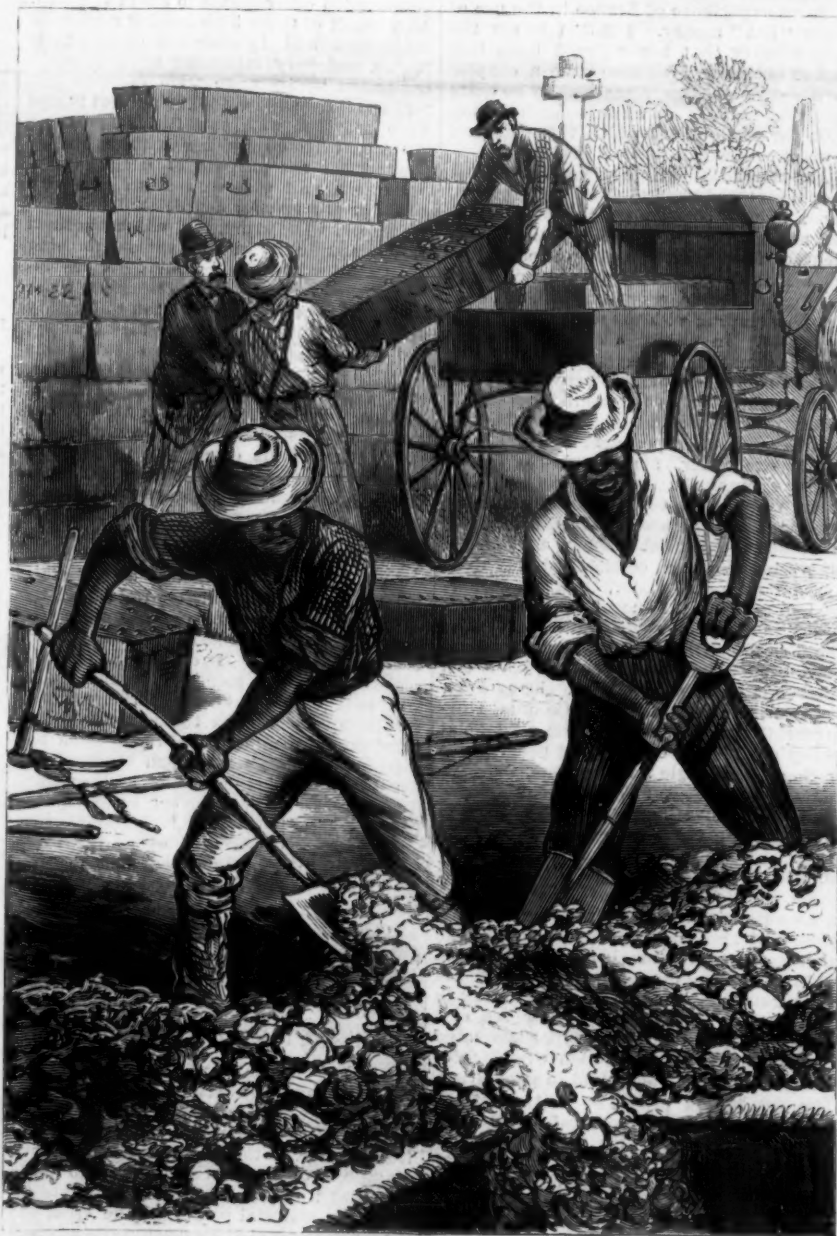
CITIZENS FLEEING FROM THE STRICKEN DISTRICTS INTO IUKA, MISS.



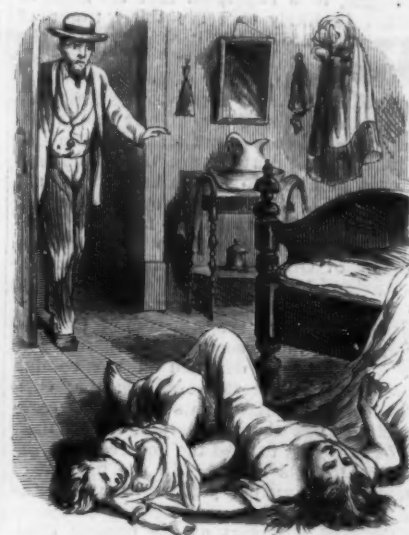
HUNGRY CITIZENS SEEKING FOOD AT THE COMMISSARY DEPOT, MEMPHIS.



MILITMAN ATTEMPTING TO PASS A BARRICADE
IN NEW ORLEANS.



VICTIMS OF THE FEVER AWAITING BURIAL AT ELMWOOD CEMETERY, MEMPHIS.



HOWARD OFFICERS FINDING THE DEAD BODIES
OF MOTHER AND CHILD.



TWO FAITHFUL MOURNERS.



A TENT SCENE AT CAMP JOE WILLIAMS, MEMPHIS.

THE YELLOW FEVER SCOURGE.—INCIDENTS OF THE TERRIBLE VISITATION AT NEW ORLEANS, MEMPHIS AND ELSEWHERE.—SEE PAGE 39.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

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PREMATURE POLITICS.

THAT enterprising journal, the New York Herald, has been recently applying the "method of exclusions" to the "politics of the future," in order to obtain an answer to the question: Who will be the standard-bearers of the Democratic and Republican Parties at the next Presidential election? After testing by this method the respective pretensions of Messrs. Thurman, Bayard, Tilden and Hendricks to the favor of the Democracy, our contemporary comes to the conclusion that the elements of the Democratic problem are, as yet, too mixed to admit of any very definite vaticinations under this head; but on applying the same method to the names of Messrs. Blaine, Bristow, Conkling, E. B. Washburn and General Grant, it excludes all but the last-named two from the list of probable, or even possible, candidates under the auspices of the Republican Party; and as this party, according to the judgment of the Herald, will stand in need of a "savior," as well as of a candidate, in the approaching struggle, it is suggested that the name of Grant is likely to serve the "tower of strength" into which it will run for the purpose of finding safety from the assault of its enemies. But, as if it wished to discredit the very "method of exclusions" to which it makes appeal, our contemporary proceeds to remark that even General Grant, as the candidate of the Republican Party, is likely to be beaten in the next Presidential race, because of the discredit into which that party has fallen, and because of the prematurity with which the claims of Grant have been urged on the attention of the people.

If it be premature to urge the claims of General Grant on the attention of the people, and if in consequence of this fact he is likely to be defeated in the coming Presidential contest, we wonder that curious political hierophants should so early begin to vex their souls and strain their eyes in trying to read the horoscope of the future in this regard. In the interest of sound and prudent politics, we venture to utter a mild disavowal against all speculations of this sort at the present time. The political issues of the future are not to be forestalled by complicating them with the fortunes of any individual, however eminent he may be by virtue of his past services. Those issues are too exigent and vital to admit of being shuffled out of sight under the glamour of a military name, and we believe that the Republican Party will mistake the present temper of the American people if it is supposed that shouts and huzzas, set to the tune of "Hail to the Chief," will drown the calls for that wise statesmanship which the country so much needs in view of abuses to be corrected, of reforms to be instituted, of revenue policies to be reconstructed, and of financial systems needing to be consolidated and placed on a permanent basis.

And what we say of the Republican Party holds equally true in its application to the Democracy. Instead of looking around at this juncture in search of available candidates for the Presidency in the year 1880, its members would much more wisely expend their zeal in holding the exemplars of the Democratic faith to the high duty of proving themselves, in the eyes of the people, to be masters of the situation in which they are called to act at the present time. The politics which grasps at shadows in the present is as unwise as the politics which grasps at shadows in the future; and we are greatly mistaken if this is not a lesson which the Western Democracy are likely to learn at the expense of much political disappointment, not unmixed, it may be, with dis-

comfiture to the political fortunes of men who have hitherto stood high in the admiration and regard of their fellow-citizens.

The late Senator Morton of Indiana was a man of great intellectual vigor and an acknowledged leader in his party, but the flexibility of his opinions in matters pertaining to the finances of the country impaired his repute, not only for profound statesmanship, but even for the sagacity of the shrewd politician. In the management of public affairs there is no shrewdness so self-confusing and misleading as that of men who are "too cunning to be wise." We must build on the solid ground of truth and reason if we would build the enduring edifice of our political hopes or ambitions, and, as Cromwell was wont to say that a man never became so great as when, following the lead of a moral truth, he walked out into the dark, so a statesman never becomes so great as when he would "rather be right than be President."

It is the duty of the statesman to consult for the interest of the country, and not for the promotion of his own personal advancement in place or power. The "opinions of Ohio" are to be weighed in the scales of that wise and candid scrutiny which seeks to elicit the truth, whatever confusion the truth may bring to the schemes of a temporary political campaign. And the politician of Ohio, whether he be Democrat or Republican, who builds on the shifting sands of expediency, need not be surprised if in the ebb and flow of public opinion he finds himself stranded and wrecked at the very time when he is trimming his sails to catch the breath of the popular favor.

If we do not make any personal application of these observations, it is in simple deference to the rule of duty which we prescribe to ourselves in the present posture of political affairs. It seems to us that the times through which we are passing call rather for the discussion of principles and measures than of men and of electioneering cries. If, instead of seeking to command success, our political leaders would rather seek to deserve it by the wisdom of their counsels and the purity of their aims, they might find that in politics, as well as in geometry, the straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

AMERICAN "FIAT" MONEY.

IN a recent issue we rehearsed the disastrous experience of France in the use of paper "flat" money. But that is not the only country that has suffered from this sort of currency. We also have a chapter in our own history which should be quite sufficient to deter us from launching away upon the perilous sea which theorists and demagogues would have us explore.

Anterior to the time when the French people ventured upon their experiment with paper money, based upon the property of the nation, the American colonists commenced their struggle for emancipation from British rule. They were but three millions of people, poor in means, and having no standing with the money-lenders of the world. In waging a contest with the Mother Country, the necessities of the Colonial Government were so pressing, and of such a character, as to seemingly justify a resort to unusual financial methods, and even hazardous experiments. Having an empty exchequer, and unable to obtain money through loans or by taxation, Congress resolved to issue three millions of paper dollars, "as occasion might require." The issue of this "flat" money, as it will be shown to have been, commenced May 10th, 1775. Four months later, Congress authorized an additional issue of three millions. Franklin and others opposed the measure, the former predicting that the notes would soon become of little value, and advised the bonding of the first issue. They were, however, overruled, and the Colonial Government started fairly out upon a financial policy destined to create great perplexities during the struggle for independence.

Before the close of 1775 the people manifested an unwillingness to receive this money; but the issues continued until 1781. In the Winter of 1776 \$4,000,000 additional were issued. In the same year three additional issues of \$5,000,000 each were authorized, making \$19,000,000 in a period of less than twelve months. The aggregate issue in 1777 amounted to \$13,000,000. Fourteen separate issues were authorized in 1778, and as many in 1779, at the end of which year the outstanding volume of "flat" paper amounted to \$241,552,280, or a fraction over \$85 for every man, woman and child in population. The purchasing power, as in the case of France, and our more recent experience, steadily decreased with each additional increase to the volume. The depreciation began in 1777, and in March, 1780, had reached the rate of forty dollars in currency for one of silver. About this time Congress passed a resolution to fund \$1,000 in paper at a specie value of \$25, and to pay interest on the certificates. But the depreciation in the market still went on, and the notes were frequently exchanged at the rate of

\$1,000 or more in paper for one dollar in silver.

The following table is compiled from information to be found in House document No. 15, first session of the Twenty-eighth Congress. The facts were furnished by Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and exhibit for different periods the value of one dollar in specie expressed in currency, and of one thousand dollars expressed in specie. The reader will bear in mind that the standard of specie used in this table is that of the Spanish milled dollar of average market weight and fineness:

Date	Nominal currency value.	Specie value.	Nominal currency value.	Specie value.
March 1, 1778....	\$1.75	\$1	\$1,000	\$571.43
September 1, 1778.	4.00	1	1,000	250.00
March 1, 1779....	10.00	1	1,000	100.00
September 1, 1779.	18.00	1	1,000	55.56
March 18, 1780....	40.00	1	1,000	25.00
December 1, 1780	100.00	1	1,000	10.00
May 1, 1781.....	500.00	1	1,000	2.00

No Government could possibly do more to impart a purchasing power to an inflated paper currency than did the Continental Congress. But, despite every effort made, the Continental paper money fell away from par until it stood, as shown above, at four to one, forty to one, and eventually reached the lower depth of five hundred to one. But it will be contended, perhaps, by such eminent advocates of a cheap irredeemable currency as Mr. Thurman, Mr. Voorhees, and Generals Ewing and Butler, that this Continental currency was not "flat" money. Ah, indeed! "Fiat," if we mistake not, simply means an order or decree. Now, what did the Continental Congress do towards maintaining its paper issues of currency at par? Having no coin for redemption purposes, it enacted a law, some six months after the first issue of \$3,000,000, setting forth that any person refusing to accept the paper-money at its face value should be "deemed, published and treated as an enemy of his country, and precluded from all trade or intercourse with the inhabitants of these colonies." Subsequent Acts were passed by the same body with a view to coercing the people into an acceptance of the currency at par with silver. The States backed Congress in efforts to force the money upon the public at par. The New England States enacted laws defining the prices that storekeepers might charge for their goods. Congress approved of this course, and recommended other States to adopt the plan. As a result of these high-handed measures, tradesmen and inn-keepers closed their places, and only transacted business when compelled by what we term in these latter days "Lynch-law." The several States were provided with so-called safety committees, invested by law with arbitrary powers, for the purpose of dealing summarily with all who refused to part with goods or property for depreciated and sinking paper. The army, too, was authorized to deal summarily with all persons refusing the Continental "flat" money. A resolution passed by Congress in December, 1776, authorized General Washington to forcibly take whatever was necessary for his army, and to arrest and imprison such persons as might refuse pay, at a reasonable price, in Continental money. An order issued by General Putnam set forth that if any person was "so lost to public virtue and the welfare of his country as to presume to refuse the currency of the American States in payment for any commodities they may have for sale, the goods shall be forfeited, and the person or persons so refusing shall be kept in close confinement."

Such has been the history of American "flat" money. This history the advocates of inflation desire to have repeated. To this end they are laboring in nearly every State of the Union. Their scheme must be resisted at every step. It means fraud, and that only—fraud upon the national creditors, fraud upon the mercantile and commercial communities, fraud upon the working classes, fraud upon Government pensioners, and the widow and orphan. They demand a volume of irredeemable paper, approximating \$2,000,000,000, this sum to be supplemented by a like issue wherewith to pay the national debt, making \$4,000,000,000 in all. Just what it would be worth in the end, even if backed by arbitrary laws and the whole force of the Government, may be learned from the history now briefly placed before our readers.

GOVERNOR RICE AND KIMPTON.

SOME of our contemporaries are sharply criticising the action of Governor Rice of Massachusetts in refusing to surrender Hiram H. Kimpton, an alleged fugitive from justice, on the requisition of Governor Hampton of South Carolina. The facts are, that after an exhaustive examination of all the material points in the case, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts advised the Governor that it was "his duty to exercise a sound discretion" in the administration of the law of the State which governs the subject, and which has been in

force for a period of seventy-five years; that, in other words, it was not imperative upon the Executive to issue a warrant of extradition, as claimed by the prosecution, unless the State law made it obligatory so to do. The Attorney-General added: "I find that the crime with which Kimpton stands charged was committed in April, 1872, and that no attempt was made to prosecute him or his co-defendants until August, 1877, nor does it appear that there is any present intention to try them upon the indictment. It does appear that for many months negotiations have been going on between the authorities of South Carolina and this respondent, under which he was offered immunity if he would return to that State and volunteer as a witness in her courts, and that this offer was renewed after his arrest here. Upon all the evidence, I am of opinion that the indictment, when found, was procured for the ulterior purpose of procuring his testimony, or for some other purpose which does not appear, and not for the purpose of trying him for any supposed crime against the laws of that State. I therefore advise your Excellency that it is not expedient to comply with the request."

Thus advised by the law officer of the State, it would seem that Governor Rice has simply done his duty in refusing to surrender the fugitive Kimpton. No man in public position is more thoroughly conscientious, more deeply sensible to the obligations of law and inter-State comity than he, and we may be sure that no improper motive of any sort has entered, or could enter, into his decision. As a matter of fact, it is by no means unusual for State Executives to exercise their discretion in cases of this kind. This was done a year or so ago by Governor Robinson of this State, who refused to surrender certain persons demanded by requisition from New Jersey, and also by the Governor of Connecticut, who flatly refused to honor a demand from the same State for the rendition of certain insurance officials who had been indicted in its courts. In Massachusetts the uniform practice of the State authorities has been to exercise a discretion in such cases, not only as to the matters specifically named in the statute, but as to any matter which might or ought to control the judgment of the Executive. The United States Supreme Court has decided that "where Congress has exercised a power over a particular subject given them by the Constitution, it is not competent for State legislation to add to the provisions on that subject." In regard to State extraditions, Congress has exercised such power, and it may fairly be questioned whether a State Legislature can prescribe additional regulations in this matter so as to compel a Governor to surrender a fugitive. Governor Rice has not only held to the law, but has conformed to established precedents, and being thus fortified in his action, can well afford to treat his critics with indifference.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

THERE can be no doubt that some of the causes which contributed to the worldwide business depression and paralysis of the last four years have practically ceased to exist. At home there is every evidence that we have touched bottom, that the reactionary forces are exhausted, and that, on firm and solid ground, we are about to make a fresh start. Abroad the war spirit has all but exhausted itself, and the necessities of the different nations call loudly for peace, economy and the diversion of the money and energy and skill so long wasted in war into channels of production. There is but little probability that we shall have any great wars for years to come; and the presumption is that we are entering not only upon an era of peace, but upon an era of great enterprise, and of great and solid prosperity.

The expectation of the resumption of specie payments on the first of January next, if not before that date, on conditions which promise to be in the highest degree favorable, is certainly exercising a happy influence among capitalists, and is encouraging a cautious enterprise among merchants and manufacturers. Reports from the West are favorable; and the farmers generally, although for some seasons past greatly disappointed with the prices they have been receiving, are well off and hopeful. Reports from the South were encouraging enough until clouded by the present unhappy visitation; and it is confidently hoped that when this pestilence shall have spent its force, prosperity will return. The best-informed representatives of the different trades in this city all agree that the prospect for the Fall trade is hopeful. The drygoods houses, the flour, grain and provision merchants and the grocers are sanguine in the expectation that the present month will bring them many buyers. In the drygoods business, the prospect is particularly cheering. The surplus goods which, for some years after the panic, embarrassed the market, have been consumed. The foreign demand for American

cotton goods has greatly increased; and England, which until lately monopolized the trade in prints, has found a dangerous rival in the United States. There is no disposition to crowd the market, nor is there any extravagant speculation. Prices also are low; and the general feeling seems to be that the manufacturer and the merchant must be contented with small profits. Business, however, it is expected, will be steady, and its gains secure. Already, in expectation of a flourishing trade in cereals, there have been enormous arrivals of grain and grain products in New York. A steady increase is reported in the consumption abroad of American butter and cheese. The grocery trade depends more immediately than any other on the working classes; and it is a cheering sign that the grocers, encouraged even by their experience of Summer, speak hopefully of the coming Fall and Winter. Stock farmers all over the land have been greatly encouraged by the steadily increasing demand for live cattle and sheep in the markets of Europe. Among all classes of traders there is one feeling which is common—a dread of tariff tinkers. Nothing is so much feared as any sudden or radical change in the financial policy of the country. "Let well alone," seems to be the motto of all.

With the establishment of peace and the revival of prosperous times in Europe, and with the early prospect of the resumption of specie payment and restored confidence at home, and with other hopeful signs around us, we may anticipate with confidence the near approach of better times. We shall not have—it is not desirable that we should have—such "flush times" as we had during and for some years after the war; but, if we are cautious and prudent, we shall have a prosperity which will prove at once more solid and more enduring.

TIMELY WORDS FROM THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT HAYES has made few notable speeches, and for that reason alone, if no others existed, his elaborate address at the Minnesota Agricultural Fair, at St. Paul, on the 5th instant, will attract special attention. But it has intrinsic merits which must commend it to wide perusal. Unlike some of his other deliverances, this is both timely and instructive. It related almost entirely to financial topics, and was designed to show that we are making solid progress in the right direction. We can only state its conclusions. By carefully prepared tables, and with great directness the President showed that in thirteen years the interest-bearing debt has been reduced \$571,852,394; that the reduction of the annual interest charge is \$55,796,690, or more than fifty per cent. of what we now pay; that instead of our bonds being largely owned in foreign countries, five-sixths of them are now held at home, the interest being paid to our own people; that the burden of taxation has been reduced \$247,521,160 since 1866, and \$61,066,531 since the year of the panic; that our expenditures, which in 1867 amounted to \$357,542,675, amount this year to \$236,964,326, a reduction of thirty per cent.; that while in 1865, with a volume of \$735,719,266 in paper currency, its value was only 69.32 cents on the dollar in coin, and its total value in coin was but \$509,949,595, each dollar of our present paper currency, \$687,743,168 in all, is now worth 99.1-2 cents in coin, and the total value of the whole in coin is more than \$684,000,000; and that finally our trade with foreign countries is showing a constantly augmenting balance in our favor—thus establishing beyond question that our agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests, are enjoying a substantial and positive revival from the depression of former years. The President concluded his instructive address in these words, which all supporters of honest finance will welcome with satisfaction as coming from the national Executive:

"We cannot if we would, we should not if we could, isolate ourselves from the rest of the commercial world. In all our measures for the improvement of our financial condition we should remember that our increasing trade with South America and with the Old World requires that our financial system shall be based on principles whose soundness and wisdom are sanctioned by the universal experience and the general judgment of all mankind. With diminished and still diminishing public burdens of debt, expenditures and interest, with an improved condition of currency and foreign trade, we may well hope that we are on the threshold of better times. But we must not forget that the surest foundation of a restored financial prosperity is a sound constitutional currency and sustained national credit."

MATTERS IN EUROPE.

THE failure of a large firm of worsted spinners and manufacturers near Halifax, in Yorkshire, the anticipated closing of three of the largest cotton mills in Blackburn, the general depression of trade in Lancashire, and the manufacturers' meeting that is to take place at Manchester in order to consider the unprecedented commercial difficulties of the period, are un-

mistaken signs of hard times in Great Britain.

Many things must have been left at loose ends by the recent Berlin Congress, for the plenipotentiaries seem to have been kept busy tying them up ever since the Congress adjourned. Lord Salisbury has just been holding, at Paris, with M. Waddington, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, several interviews, to which much significance is attached. Midhat Pasha joined these two high functionaries in Paris, and was closeted with them before he set out to confer with Prince von Bismarck at Gastein and Count Andrássy at Vienna. The object of Lord Salisbury's trip to the Continent is conjectured to be to ascertain how France would regard a more direct intervention of England in Turkish affairs. It has even been rumored that the Sultan has transferred to England the suzerainty over Egypt. But these rumors, as well as the rumor that Russia has suggested a Franco-Italian occupation of Thessaly, are very sensational and untrustworthy. However, there is no telling what might happen in the event of a war between Turkey and Greece. Another sensational rumor is that France and Italy had jointly notified the Porte of their intention to prevent the bombardment of the Greek coast in case of such a war.

The Council of Ministers at Constantinople has come to no conclusion as to the Austro-Turkish Convention, but it is hoped that Count Andrássy's terms will be accepted. The commanders of the Austrian armies of occupation report additional successes against the insurgents, but 15,000 of the latter have fortified themselves between Sunitza and Novo Bazar, and are compelling the Christians to join them. There seems to have been as much truth as wit in the remark of an Austrian general that the Austrians had come to occupy the provinces, but the provinces had occupied them. Their ultimate success is sure, but it will have cost more blood and treasure than they had expected, and it may lead to subsequent complications of the most serious kind.

In autocratic Russia and imperial Germany a reactionary spirit has been provoked by assassins, alleged to be in complicity with the Nihilists in the former country, and with the Social Democrats in the latter. The promotion of Count Schouvaloff to be head of the police throughout the Russian empire, and the promulgation of a ukase according to which political offenders may be instantly shot, or banished to Siberia, without the delays and uncertainties of a public trial; and Prince Von Bismarck's anti-Socialist Bill, still outrageously severe, although stripped of certain objectionable features, are among the fruits of European reaction. Even in Republican France an illegal meeting of a Congress of Socialists, contrary to the still unrevoked laws against secret societies and also to special prohibition, was broken up the other day by the Paris police. This act is one sequel of the terror inspired by the murder of the venerable Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages that affixed an indelible stigma to the Commune. A few bloody wretches thus made the term "Communists" a stereotyped equivalent for all that is vaguely dreadful and detestable.

Yet as even Nihilism in Russia, in spite of the pessimism which poisons it, contains germs of future good, and as Social Democracy in Germany largely consists of theories long since safely adopted by the most practical among English political economists, so the Paris Commune notwithstanding the folly and wickedness of some of its adherents, was by no means so black as it has been painted. On the contrary, in many respects it deserved well of France and of mankind. The political programme of the Extreme Left, that is, of those French Radicals "who are held to be utterly diabolical and dangerous," and who are so often denounced as Communists, is, according to a competent witness, only this and nothing more: the Extreme Left, testifies this witness, are agitating, firstly, for a free press; secondly, for the right of public meetings; thirdly, for a three years' military service for all, instead of five years for some and one year for others who can afford three hundred dollars to purchase exemption; fourthly, they desire the separation of Church and State; and fifthly, the reform of the judiciary and of procedure, so as to protect men from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, and also to put judges on such a footing that they shall not be liable to degradation and virtual dismissal for administering justice impartially in political cases; sixthly, the Radicals want the town councils to elect their own mayors and to manage the business of their municipalities without being dictated to by the prefects. Surely there is nothing in all this to scare a free and independent American.

A STATEMENT by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that during the last fiscal year the sum of \$223,712,622 has been collected and accounted for, and the entire amount unaccounted for by infidel-

ity on the part of officials is \$11,605. Considering the magnitude of the transactions, this must be regarded as an excellent showing, especially as the amounts due will be paid during the present year, so that there will be no loss to the United States. Each of the defaulting collectors has been removed from office.

THE Cincinnatians have great confidence in the success of the new College of Music which is to be established in that city, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. Capital stock to the amount of fifty thousand dollars has already been subscribed, and it is believed that at least five hundred pupils may be counted upon. There is a good deal of musical culture, and a marked development of musical taste, in Cincinnati, and perhaps the experiment of a music college could nowhere be tried under more favorable conditions.

THE idea of a "solid North" is fully realized in the unanimity with which our people are responding to the appeals of the fever-smitten cities of the South. There is scarcely a town or city in all the North which has not contributed something for the relief of the sufferers. New York, of course, leads the list, with a splendid total of \$140,000, of which about one-half was subscribed through the Chamber of Commerce. If anything can mitigate the terrors which surround the survivors of the pestilence in the cities which it is desolating, it must be the reflection that they are not forgotten in their destitution and suffering by the people of the section which is, as yet, happily exempt from the plague.

THE journeys of the Empress Eugénie and of the Prince Imperial are creating much interest and speculation in the world of political gossip in the principal cities of Europe. The Empress has made a long stay in Vienna, where she has been treated with marked and cordial deference, not only by the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family, but also by all who are in high position in that capital. It is said that the Empress has been unwearied in sight-seeing, doing not only the galleries of pictures and works of art, but showing an equal interest in the scientific improvements of the implements of war. At the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, the Empress gave way to bursts of uncontrollable grief—an emotion which was shared in by all who were present.

THE Government of Mexico has furnished a gratifying evidence of goodwill towards the United States by the almost total abolition of the *zona libre*, or free zone. As is generally known, the free zone is a strip of territory along the Rio Grande through which all kinds of merchandise are allowed free transit, and, as a necessary consequence, an almost unlimited facility for smuggling into both countries. Our Government has frequently protested against the continuance of the institution, as even the Mexican authorities admitted that it gave facilities for smuggling, though not on so great a scale as had been supposed. The free zone was established in 1858, and was a concession to the Mexicans living on the border. Simultaneously with the announcement of its abolition, we have a statement that the Mexican Minister has been in conference with prominent business men at Chicago for the purpose of discussing means of securing more friendly commercial relations between that city and Mexico, and opening further commercial relations with that nation.

THE Government of Japan has at length asserted its independence of British dictation, and will hereafter refuse to be bullied by the insolent representatives of "the greatest nation on the face of the earth." Recently, the Japanese authorities announced its determination to establish stringent quarantine regulations, with a view of averting a return of the cholera. The British Minister declared that unless the regulations should be framed to suit himself, so as "to preserve the trading interests of his country," he would resist and defy them. After some delay, the Government refused peremptorily to admit the claim of the British Ambassador to participate in framing the regulations, and, spite of his bluster and threats, has persisted in its decision, much to the gratification of the representatives of other Powers. Recently, it will be remembered, the British Court in Yokohama made a decision that British merchants might import opium into Japan, notwithstanding the prohibition by treaty. This display of arrogance and indifference to treaty obligations very naturally incensed the Japanese to the highest pitch, and their firmness in the matter of the quarantine restrictions is, no doubt, due in a measure to a conviction that the time has come for putting an end, finally and for ever, to these unjustifiable interferences with their inherent prerogatives.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Tammany Democracy have issued a political address, appealing to workingmen and Greenbackers.

THE Oxford Iron Company, of Oxford, N. J., has suspended, with liabilities estimated at \$1,000,000.

THE election in Vermont, on September 3d, resulted in a victory for the Republicans by a reduced majority.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has authorized the exchange of greenbacks for silver at the Treasury and all sub-treasuries.

ORVILLE GRANT, brother of the ex-President, has been judged insane, and removed to the asylum at Morristown, N. J.

IN New Hampshire the Greenback men have nominated Warren G. Brown for Governor, on an inflation platform.

THE trustees of the East River bridge have decided to sue the City of New York for payment of the appropriation of \$1,000,000.

It has been decided by the New York Republican State Committee to hold the State Convention at Saratoga on September 26th.

THE Detroit and Milwaukee Railway was sold to the Great Western Railway, of Canada, for \$3,500,000, at Detroit, on September 4th.

THE Congressional commission on Custom House Investigations, of which Fernando Wood is chairman, have begun their labors in New York City.

A STATE ticket was put in nomination in Kansas by the Democrats on September 4th, the platform opposing resumption and demanding more greenbacks.

THE Minnesota Democratic State Convention met in St. Paul, September 5th, nominated a State ticket, and adopted a platform similar to that of the Ohio Democrats.

GOVERNOR AXTELL of New Mexico has been removed by the President, and General "Lew" Wallace appointed to succeed him. By the same authority Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, has been replaced by Samuel Hays.

PRESIDENT HAYES was received with much enthusiasm in Chicago on September 3d, and on the 5th he delivered a lengthy speech on finance and the growth of the Northwest, at St. Paul, Minn., which is to be printed as a campaign document.

AN action has been brought against William C. Rogers and J. Jarvis Jones, surviving members of the firm of stationers made notorious by the confession of Tweed, to recover nearly \$1,000,000 paid by the City during Ring days on raised bills.

FROM December 1st, 1871 to September 1st, 1878, the aggregate amount of six per cent. Government bonds refunded into bonds bearing a lower rate of interest was \$730,543,000, resulting in an aggregate savings during the seven years of \$28,169,643, which is equal to over \$4,000,000 per annum in the item of interest.

THE death-list of yellow fever victims up to September 9th contains the names of 3,652 persons. Many others are known to have died, of whom no record has been kept. In Grenada the scourge appears to have exhausted itself for want of victims; in Vicksburg it has become less virulent, and in New Orleans it is still spreading. Holly Springs, Miss., is almost depopulated. Memphis is severely afflicted, the fever raging in sections heretofore not affected. At Cairo the people are fleeing in fear of the fever, which has broken out in Hickman, Ky. A case of yellow fever was discovered in Union Court, New York City. The patient, a woman, was removed to the hospital, and died September 4th. Relief in money, goods, physicians and nurses, continues to flow southward with a liberality never before equaled.

Foreign.

THE new five per cent. Russian loan has proved a partial failure, only about one-third of the amount being subscribed.

THE excursion steamer *Princess Alice* was run down by the *Bywell Castle* on the Thames, September 3d, and between 600 and 700 people were drowned, the steamer sinking in five minutes.

MUHEMET ALI PASHA and twenty of his staff have been assassinated at Yocora, Albania, because they would not lead the insurrectionists against the Austrians. The Albanians have also killed the Governor of Ipeka and ten other officials.

It is believed Austria has informed the Porte that it is desirable that the occupation shall extend to Mitrovitz. This has for the time increased the difficulty of the negotiations, but the Porte is expected to yield at the last moment.

THE Rhodope Commission, in consequence of a diversity of opinion, has abandoned the idea of a collective report. Each member will send his report independently, but those of the British, French, Italian and Turkish Commissioners will be identical.

THROUGH the representations of United States Minister Welsh, Condon, the convicted Fenian, has been released from imprisonment by the British Government. When the news of the intended release reached Dublin and adjoining cities, there was great rejoicing.

THERE was an impressive funeral ceremony at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, September 3d, in celebration of the anniversary of the death of M. Thiers. After the services Madame Thiers went to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, where there was a great demonstration and a large display of floral offerings at M. Thiers's tomb.

PRESIDENT DIAZ has issued two decrees for the suppression of smuggling on the Rio Grande. One decree authorizes any citizen to arrest smugglers and seize smuggled goods. The other closes the frontier ports of Mier and Camargo. The Government has also abolished the free zone, except as to Matamoros and New Laredo.

THE supplementary elections in Germany are now all over. The total result is that the Ultramontanes have gained 6 seats, the Conservatives 40. The National Liberals have lost 29, the Progressives 13, and the Social Democrats 4. The latter have now eight members. The other parties have suffered no loss and made no gain.

ROMAN advices state that Cardinal Monaco La Valletta will go to Perugia to represent the Pope at the consecration of a church at Canosio. The whole Pontifical Choir will be sent expressly by the Pope to render the ceremony as imposing as possible, and will follow the Cardinal. This will be the first time the singers of the Pontifical Choir will have left Rome.

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PREMATURE POLITICS.

THAT enterprising journal, the New York Herald, has been recently applying the "method of exclusions" to the "politics of the future," in order to obtain an answer to the question: Who will be the standard-bearers of the Democratic and Republican Parties at the next Presidential election? After testing by this method the respective pretensions of Messrs. Thurman, Bayard, Tilden and Hendricks to the favor of the Democracy, our contemporary comes to the conclusion that the elements of the Democratic problem are, as yet, too mixed to admit of any very definite vaticinations under this head; but on applying the same method to the names of Messrs. Blaine, Bristow, Conkling, E. B. Washburn and General Grant, it excludes all but the last-named two from the list of probable, or even possible, candidates under the auspices of the Republican Party; and as this party, according to the judgment of the Herald, will stand in need of a "savior," as well as of a candidate, in the approaching struggle, it is suggested that the name of Grant is likely to serve the "tower of strength" into which it will run for the purpose of finding safety from the assault of its enemies. But, as if it wished to discredit the very "method of exclusions" to which it makes appeal, our contemporary proceeds to remark that even General Grant, as the candidate of the Republican Party, is likely to be beaten in the next Presidential race, because of the discredit into which that party has fallen, and because of the prematurity with which the claims of Grant have been urged on the attention of the people.

If it be premature to urge the claims of General Grant on the attention of the people, and if in consequence of this fact he is likely to be defeated in the coming Presidential contest, we wonder that curious political hierophants should so early begin to vex their souls and strain their eyes in trying to read the horoscope of the future in this regard. In the interest of sound and prudent politics, we venture to utter a mild dissuasive against all speculations of this sort at the present time. The political issues of the future are not to be forestalled by complicating them with the fortunes of any individual, however eminent he may be by virtue of his past services. Those issues are too exigent and vital to admit of being shuffled out of sight under the glamour of a military name, and we believe that the Republican Party will mistake the present temper of the American people if it is supposed that shouts and huzzas, set to the tune of "Hail to the Chief," will drown the calls for that wise statesmanship which the country so much needs in view of abuses to be corrected, of reforms to be instituted, of revenue policies to be reconstructed, and of financial systems needing to be consolidated and placed on a permanent basis.

And what we say of the Republican Party holds equally true in its application to the Democracy. Instead of looking around at this juncture in search of available candidates for the Presidency in the year 1880, its members would much more wisely expend their zeal in holding the exemplars of the Democratic faith to the high duty of proving themselves, in the eyes of the people, to be masters of the situation in which they are called to act at the present time. The politics which grasps at shadows in the present is as unwise as the politics which grasps at shadows in the future; and we are greatly mistaken if this is not a lesson which the Western Democracy are likely to learn at the expense of much political disappointment, not unmixed, it may be, with dis-

comfiture to the political fortunes of men who have hitherto stood high in the admiration and regard of their fellow-citizens.

The late Senator Morton of Indiana was a man of great intellectual vigor and an acknowledged leader in his party, but the flexibility of his opinions in matters pertaining to the finances of the country impaired his repute, not only for profound statesmanship, but even for the sagacity of the shrewd politician. In the management of public affairs there is no shrewdness so self-confusing and misleading as that of men who are "too cunning to be wise." We must build on the solid ground of truth and reason if we would build the enduring edifice of our political hopes or ambitions, and, as Cromwell was wont to say that a man never became so great as when, following the lead of a moral truth, he walked out into the dark, so a statesman never becomes so great as when he would "rather be right than be President."

It is the duty of the statesman to consult for the interest of the country, and not for the promotion of his own personal advancement in place or power. The "opinions of Ohio" are to be weighed in the scales of that wise and candid scrutiny which seeks to elicit the truth, whatever confusion the truth may bring to the schemes of a temporary political campaign. And the politician of Ohio, whether he be Democrat or Republican, who builds on the shifting sands of expediency, need not be surprised if in the ebb and flow of public opinion he finds himself stranded and wrecked at the very time when he is trimming his sails to catch the breath of the popular favor.

If we do not make any personal application of these observations, it is in simple deference to the rule of duty which we prescribe to ourselves in the present posture of political affairs. It seems to us that the times through which we are passing call rather for the discussion of principles and measures than of men and of electioneering cries. If, instead of seeking to command success, our political leaders would rather seek to deserve it by the wisdom of their counsels and the purity of their aims, they might find that in politics, as well as in geometry, the straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

AMERICAN "FIAT" MONEY.

IN a recent issue we rehearsed the disastrous experience of France in the use of paper "flat" money. But that is not the only country that has suffered from this sort of currency. We also have a chapter in our own history which should be quite sufficient to deter us from launching away upon the perilous sea which theorists and demagogues would have us explore.

Anterior to the time when the French people ventured upon their experiment with paper money, based upon the property of the nation, the American colonists commenced their struggle for emancipation from British rule. They were but three millions of people, poor in means, and having no standing with the money-lenders of the world. In waging a contest with the Mother Country, the necessities of the Colonial Government were so pressing, and of such a character, as to seemingly justify a resort to unusual financial methods, and even hazardous experiments. Having an empty exchequer, and unable to obtain money through loans or by taxation, Congress resolved to issue three millions of paper dollars, "as occasion might require." The issue of this "flat" money, as it will be shown to have been, commenced May 10th, 1775. Four months later, Congress authorized an additional issue of three millions. Franklin and others opposed the measure, the former predicting that the notes would soon become of little value, and advised the bonding of the first issue. They were, however, overruled, and the Colonial Government started fairly out upon a financial policy destined to create great perplexities during the struggle for independence.

Before the close of 1775 the people manifested an unwillingness to receive this money; but the issues continued until 1781. In the Winter of 1776 \$4,000,000 additional were issued. In the same year three additional issues of \$5,000,000 each were authorized, making \$19,000,000 in a period of less than twelve months. The aggregate issue in 1777 amounted to \$13,000,000. Fourteen separate issues were authorized in 1778, and as many in 1779, at the end of which year the outstanding volume of "flat" paper amounted to \$241,552,280, or a fraction over \$85 for every man, woman and child in population. The purchasing power, as in the case of France, and our more recent experience, steadily decreased with each additional increase to the volume. The depreciation began in 1777, and in March, 1780, had reached the rate of forty dollars in currency for one of silver. About this time Congress passed a resolution to fund \$1,000 in paper at a specie value of \$25, and to pay interest on the certificates. But the depreciation in the market still went on, and the notes were frequently exchanged at the rate of

\$1,000 or more in paper for one dollar in silver.

The following table is compiled from information to be found in House document No. 15, first session of the Twenty-eighth Congress. The facts were furnished by Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and exhibit for different periods the value of one dollar in specie expressed in currency, and of one thousand dollars expressed in specie. The reader will bear in mind that the standard of specie used in this table is that of the Spanish milled dollar of average market weight and fineness:

Date.	Nominal currency value.	Specie value.	Nominal currency value.	Specie value.
March 1, 1778....	\$1.75	\$1	\$1,000	\$571.43
September 1, 1778.	4.00	1	1,000	250.00
March 1, 1779....	10.00	1	1,000	100.00
September 1, 1779.	18.00	1	1,000	55.56
March 18, 1780....	40.00	1	1,000	25.00
December 1, 1780	100.00	1	1,000	10.00
May 1, 1781.....	500.00	1	1,000	2.00

No Government could possibly do more to impart a purchasing power to an inflated paper currency than did the Continental Congress. But, despite every effort made, the Continental paper money fell away from par until it stood, as shown above, at four to one, forty to one, and eventually reached the lower depth of five hundred to one. But it will be contended, perhaps, by such eminent advocates of a cheap irredeemable currency as Mr. Thurman, Mr. Voorhees, and Generals Ewing and Butler, that this Continental currency was not "flat" money. Ah, indeed! "Flat," if we mistake not, simply means an order or decree. Now, what did the Continental Congress do towards maintaining its paper issues of currency at par? Having no coin for redemption purposes, it enacted a law, some six months after the first issue of \$3,000,000, setting forth that any person refusing to accept the paper-money at its face value should be "deemed, published and treated as an enemy of his country, and precluded from all trade or intercourse with the inhabitants of these colonies." Subsequent Acts were passed by the same body with a view to coercing the people into an acceptance of the currency at par with silver. The States backed Congress in efforts to force the money upon the public at par. The New England States enacted laws defining the prices that storekeepers might charge for their goods. Congress approved of this course, and recommended other States to adopt the plan. As a result of these high-handed measures, tradesmen and inn-keepers closed their places, and only transacted business when compelled by what we term in these latter days "Lynch-law." The several States were provided with so-called safety committees, invested by law with arbitrary powers, for the purpose of dealing summarily with all who refused to part with goods or property for depreciated and sinking paper. The army, too, was authorized to deal summarily with all persons refusing the Continental "flat" money. A resolution passed by Congress in December, 1776, authorized General Washington to forcibly take whatever was necessary for his army, and to arrest and imprison such persons as might refuse pay, at a reasonable price, in Continental money. An order issued by General Putnam set forth that if any person was "so lost to public virtue and the welfare of his country as to presume to refuse the currency of the American States in payment for any commodities they may have for sale, the goods shall be forfeited, and the person or persons so refusing shall be kept in close confinement."

Such has been the history of American "flat" money. This history the advocates of inflation desire to have repeated. To this end they are laboring in nearly every State of the Union. Their scheme must be resisted at every step. It means fraud, and that only—fraud upon the national creditors, fraud upon the mercantile and commercial communities, fraud upon the working classes, fraud upon Government pensioners, and the widow and orphan. They demand a volume of irredeemable paper, approximating \$2,000,000,000, this sum to be supplemented by a like issue wherewith to pay the national debt, making \$4,000,000,000 in all. Just what it would be worth in the end, even if backed by arbitrary laws and the whole force of the Government, may be learned from the history now briefly placed before our readers.

GOVERNOR RICE AND KIMPTON.

SOME of our contemporaries are sharply criticising the action of Governor Rice of Massachusetts in refusing to surrender Hiram H. Kimpton, an alleged fugitive from justice, on the requisition of Governor Hampton of South Carolina. The facts are, that after an exhaustive examination of all the material points in the case, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts advised the Governor that it was "his duty to exercise a sound discretion" in the administration of the law of the State which governs the subject, and which has been in

force for a period of seventy-five years; that, in other words, it was not imperative upon the Executive to issue a warrant of extradition, as claimed by the prosecution, unless the State law made it obligatory so to do. The Attorney-General added: "I find that the crime with which Kimpton stands charged was committed in April, 1872, and that no attempt was made to prosecute him or his co-defendants until August, 1877, nor does it appear that there is any present intention to try them upon the indictment. It does appear that for many months negotiations have been going on between the authorities of South Carolina and this respondent, under which he was offered immunity if he would return to that State and volunteer as a witness in her courts, and that this offer was renewed after his arrest here. Upon all the evidence, I am of opinion that the indictment, when found, was procured for the ulterior purpose of procuring his testimony, or for some other purpose which does not appear, and not for the purpose of trying him for any supposed crime against the laws of that State. I therefore advise your Excellency that it is not expedient to comply with the request."

Thus advised by the law officer of the State, it would seem that Governor Rice has simply done his duty in refusing to surrender the fugitive Kimpton. No man in public position is more thoroughly conscientious, more deeply sensible to the obligations of law and inter-State comity than he, and we may be sure that no improper motive of any sort has entered, or could enter, into his decision. As a matter of fact, it is by no means unusual for State Executives to exercise their discretion in cases of this kind. This was done a year or so ago by Governor Robinson of this State, who refused to surrender certain persons demanded by requisition from New Jersey, and also by the Governor of Connecticut, who flatly refused to honor a demand from the same State for the rendition of certain insurance officials who had been indicted in its courts. In Massachusetts the uniform practice of the State authorities has been to exercise a discretion in such cases, not only as to the matters specifically named in the statute, but as to any matter which might or ought to control the judgment of the Executive. The United States Supreme Court has decided that "where Congress has exercised a power over a particular subject given them by the Constitution, it is not competent for State legislation to add to the provisions on that subject." In regard to State extraditions, Congress has exercised such power, and it may fairly be questioned whether a State Legislature can prescribe additional regulations in this matter so as to compel a Governor to surrender a fugitive. Governor Rice has not only held to the law, but has conformed to established precedents, and being thus fortified in his action, can well afford to treat his critics with indifference.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

THERE can be no doubt that some of the causes which contributed to the worldwide business depression and paralysis of the last four years have practically ceased to exist. At home there is every evidence that we have touched bottom, that the reactionary forces are exhausted, and that, on firm and solid ground, we are about to make a fresh start. Abroad the war spirit has all but exhausted itself, and the necessities of the different nations call loudly for peace, economy and the diversion of the money and energy and skill so long wasted in war into channels of production. There is but little probability that we shall have any great wars for years to come; and the presumption is that we are entering not only upon an era of peace, but upon an era of great enterprise, and of great and solid prosperity.

The expectation of the resumption of specie payments on the first of January next, if not before that date, on conditions which promise to be in the highest degree favorable, is certainly exercising a happy influence among capitalists, and is encouraging a cautious enterprise among merchants and manufacturers. Reports from the West are favorable; and the farmers generally, although for some seasons past greatly disappointed with the prices they have been receiving, are well off and hopeful. Reports from the South were encouraging enough until clouded by the present unhappy visitation; and it is confidently hoped that when this pestilence shall have spent its force, prosperity will return. The best-informed representatives of the different trades in this city all agree that the prospect for the Fall trade is hopeful. The drygoods houses, the flour, grain and provision merchants and the grocers are sanguine in the expectation that the present month will bring them many buyers. In the drygoods business, the prospect is particularly cheering. The surplus goods which, for some years after the panic, embarrassed the market, have been consumed. The foreign demand for American

cotton goods has greatly increased; and England, which until lately monopolized the trade in prints, has found a dangerous rival in the United States. There is no disposition to crowd the market, nor is there any extravagant speculation. Prices also are low; and the general feeling seems to be that the manufacturer and the merchant must be contented with small profits. Business, however, it is expected, will be steady, and its gains secure. Already, in expectation of a flourishing trade in cereals, there have been enormous arrivals of grain and grain products in New York. A steady increase is reported in the consumption abroad of American butter and cheese. The grocery trade depends more immediately than any other on the working classes; and it is a cheering sign that the grocers, encouraged even by their experience of Summer, speak hopefully of the coming Fall and Winter. Stock farmers all over the land have been greatly encouraged by the steadily increasing demand for live cattle and sheep in the markets of Europe. Among all classes of traders there is one feeling which is common—a dread of tariff tinkers. Nothing is so much feared as any sudden or radical change in the financial policy of the country. "Let well alone," seems to be the motto of all.

With the establishment of peace and the revival of prosperous times in Europe, and with the early prospect of the resumption of specie payment and restored confidence at home, and with other hopeful signs around us, we may anticipate with confidence the near approach of better times. We shall not have—it is not desirable that we should have—such "flush times" as we had during and for some years after the war; but, if we are cautious and prudent, we shall have a prosperity which will prove at once more solid and more enduring.

TIMELY WORDS FROM THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT HAYES has made few notable speeches, and for that reason alone, if no others existed, his elaborate address at the Minnesota Agricultural Fair, at St. Paul, on the 5th instant, will attract special attention. But it has intrinsic merits which must commend it to wide perusal. Unlike some of his other deliverances, this is both timely and instructive. It related almost entirely to financial topics, and was designed to show that we are making solid progress in the right direction. We can only state its conclusions. By carefully prepared tables, and with great directness the President showed that in thirteen years the interest-bearing debt has been reduced \$571,852,394; that the reduction of the annual interest charge is \$55,796,690, or more than fifty per cent. of what we now pay; that instead of our bonds being largely owned in foreign countries, five-sixths of them are now held at home, the interest being paid to our own people; that the burden of taxation has been reduced \$247,521,160 since 1866, and \$61,066,531 since the year of the panic; that our expenditures, which in 1867 amounted to \$357,542,675, amount this year to \$236,964,326, a reduction of thirty per cent.; that while in 1865, with a volume of \$735,719,266 in paper currency, its value was only 69.32 cents on the dollar in coin, and its total value in coin was but \$509,949,595, each dollar of our present paper currency, \$687,743,168 in all, is now worth 99.1-2 cents in coin, and the total value of the whole in coin is more than \$684,000,000; and that finally our trade with foreign countries is showing a constantly augmenting balance in our favor—thus establishing beyond question that our agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests, are enjoying a substantial and positive revival from the depression of former years. The President concluded his instructive address in these words, which all supporters of honest finance will welcome with satisfaction as coming from the national Executive:

"We cannot if we would, should not if we could, isolate ourselves from the rest of the commercial world. In all our measures for the improvement of our financial condition we should remember that our increasing trade with South America and with the Old World requires that our financial system shall be based on principles whose soundness and wisdom are sanctioned by the universal experience and the general judgment of all mankind. With diminished and still diminishing public burdens of debt, expenditures and interest, with an improved condition of currency and foreign trade, we may well hope that we are on the threshold of better times. But we must not forget that the surest foundation of a restored financial prosperity is a sound constitutional currency and unstained national credit."

MATTERS IN EUROPE.

THE failure of a large firm of worsted spinners and manufacturers near Halifax, in Yorkshire, the anticipated closing of three of the largest cotton mills in Blackburn, the general depression of trade in Lancashire, and the manufacturers' meeting that is to take place at Manchester in order to consider the unprecedented commercial difficulties of the period, are un-

mistakable signs of hard times in Great Britain.

Many things must have been left at loose ends by the recent Berlin Congress, for the plenipotentiaries seem to have been kept busy tying them up ever since the Congress adjourned. Lord Salisbury has just been holding, at Paris, with M. Waddington, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, several interviews, to which much significance is attached. Midhat Pasha joined these two high functionaries in Paris, and was closeted with them before he set out to confer with Prince von Bismarck at Gastein and Count Andrassy at Vienna. The object of Lord Salisbury's trip to the Continent is conjectured to be to ascertain how France would regard a more direct intervention of England in Turkish affairs. It has even been rumored that the Sultan has transferred to England the suzerainty over Egypt. But these rumors, as well as the rumor that Russia has suggested a Franco-Italian occupation of Thessaly, are very sensational and untrustworthy. However, there is no telling what might happen in the event of a war between Turkey and Greece. Another sensational rumor is that France and Italy had jointly notified the Porte of their intention to prevent the bombardment of the Greek coast in case of such a war.

The Council of Ministers at Constantinople has come to no conclusion as to the Austro-Turkish Convention, but it is hoped that Count Andrassy's terms will be accepted. The commanders of the Austrian armies of occupation report additional successes against the insurgents, but 15,000 of the latter have fortified themselves between Sunitza and Novo Bazar, and are compelling the Christians to join them. There seems to have been as much truth as wit in the remark of an Austrian general that the Austrians had come to occupy the provinces, but the provinces had occupied them. Their ultimate success is sure, but it will have cost more blood and treasure than they had expected, and it may lead to subsequent complications of the most serious kind.

In autocratic Russia and Imperial Germany a reactionary spirit has been provoked by assassins, alleged to be in complicity with the Nihilists in the former country, and with the Social Democrats in the latter. The promotion of Count Schouvaloff to be head of the police throughout the Russian empire, and the promulgation of a ukase according to which political offenders may be instantly shot, or banished to Siberia, without the delays and uncertainties of a public trial; and Prince von Bismarck's anti-Socialist Bill, still outrageously severe, although stripped of certain objectionable features, are among the fruits of European reaction. Even in Republican France an illegal meeting of a Congress of Socialists, contrary to the still unrevoked laws against secret societies and also to special prohibition, was broken up the other day by the Paris police. This act is one sequel of the terror inspired by the murder of the venerable Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages that affixed an indelible stigma to the Commune. A few bloody wretches thus made the term "Communists" a stereotyped equivalent for all that is vaguely dreadful and detestable.

Yet as even Nihilism in Russia, in spite of the pessimism which poisons it, contains germs of future good, and as Social Democracy in Germany largely consists of theories long since safely adopted by the most practical among English political economists, so the Paris Commune notwithstanding the folly and wickedness of some of its adherents, was by no means so black as it has been painted. On the contrary, in many respects it deserved well of France and of mankind. The political programme of the Extreme Left, that is, of those French Radicals "who are held to be utterly diabolical and dangerous," and who are so often denounced as Communists, is, according to a competent witness, only this and nothing more: the Extreme Left, testifies this witness, are agitating, firstly, for a free press; secondly, for the right of public meetings; thirdly, for a three years' military service for all, instead of five years for some and one year for others who can afford three hundred dollars to purchase exemption; fourthly, they desire the separation of Church and State; and fifthly, the reform of the judiciary and of procedure, so as to protect men from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, and also to put judges on such a footing that they shall not be liable to degradation and virtual dismissal for administering justice impartially in political cases; sixthly, the Radicals want the town councils to elect their own mayors and to manage the business of their municipalities without being dictated to by the prefects. Surely there is nothing in all this to scare a free and independent American.

A STATEMENT by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that during the last fiscal year the sum of \$223,712,622 has been collected and accounted for, and the entire amount unaccounted for, by infidel-

ity on the part of officials is \$11,605. Considering the magnitude of the transactions, this must be regarded as an excellent showing, especially as the amounts due will be paid during the present year, so that there will be no loss to the United States. Each of the defaulting collectors has been removed from office.

THE Cincinnatians have great confidence in the success of the new College of Music which is to be established in that city, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. Capital stock to the amount of fifty thousand dollars has already been subscribed, and it is believed that at least five hundred pupils may be counted upon. There is a good deal of musical culture, and a marked development of musical taste, in Cincinnati, and perhaps the experiment of a music college could nowhere be tried under more favorable conditions.

THE idea of a "solid North" is fully realized in the unanimity with which our people are responding to the appeals of the fever-smitten cities of the South. There is scarcely a town or city in all the North which has not contributed something for the relief of the sufferers. New York, of course, leads the list, with a splendid total of \$140,000, of which about one-half was subscribed through the Chamber of Commerce. If anything can mitigate the terrors which surround the survivors of the pestilence in the cities which it is desolating, it must be the reflection that they are not forgotten in their destitution and suffering by the people of the section which is, as yet, happily exempt from the plague.

THE journeys of the Empress Eugénie and of the Prince Imperial are creating much interest and speculation in the world of political gossips in the principal cities of Europe. The Empress has made a long stay in Vienna, where she has been treated with marked and cordial deference, not only by the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family, but also by all who are in high position in that capital. It is said that the Empress has been unwearied in sight-seeing, doing not only the galleries of pictures and works of art, but showing an equal interest in the scientific improvements in the implements of war. At the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, the Empress gave way to bursts of uncontrollable grief—an emotion which was shared in by all who were present.

THE Government of Mexico has furnished a gratifying evidence of goodwill towards the United States by the almost total abolition of the *zona libre*, or free zone. As is generally known, the free zone is a strip of territory along the Rio Grande through which all kinds of merchandise are allowed free transit, and, as a necessary consequence, an almost unlimited facility for smuggling into both countries. Our Government has frequently protested against the continuance of the institution, as even the Mexican authorities admitted that it gave facilities for smuggling, though not on so great a scale as had been supposed. The free zone was established in 1858, and was a concession to the Mexicans living on the border. Simultaneously with the announcement of its abolition, we have a statement that the Mexican Minister has been in conference with prominent business men at Chicago for the purpose of discussing means of securing more friendly commercial relations between that city and Mexico, and opening further commercial relations with that nation.

THE Government of Japan has at length asserted its independence of British dictation, and will hereafter refuse to be bullied by the insolent representatives of "the greatest nation on the face of the earth." Recently, the Japanese authorities announced its determination to establish stringent quarantine regulations, with a view of averting a return of the cholera. The British Minister declared that unless the regulations should be framed to suit himself, so as "to preserve the trading interests of his country," he would resist and defy them. After some delay, the Government refused peremptorily to admit the claim of the British Ambassador to participate in framing the regulations, and, spite of his bluster and threats, has persisted in its decision, much to the gratification of the representatives of other Powers. Recently, it will be remembered, the British Court in Yokohama made a decision that British merchants might import opium into Japan, notwithstanding the prohibition by treaty. This display of arrogance and indifference to treaty obligations very naturally incensed the Japanese to the highest pitch, and their firmness in the matter of the quarantine restrictions is, no doubt, due in a measure to a conviction that the time has come for putting an end, finally and for ever, to these unjustifiable interferences with their inherent prerogatives.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Tammany Democracy have issued a political address, appealing to workmen and Greenbackers.

THE Oxford Iron Company, of Oxford, N. J., has suspended, with liabilities estimated at \$1,000,000.

THE election in Vermont, on September 3d, resulted in a victory for the Republicans by a reduced majority.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has authorized the exchange of greenbacks for silver at the Treasury and all sub-treasuries.

ORVILLE GRANT, brother of the ex-President, has been judged insane, and removed to the asylum at Morristown, N. J.

IN New Hampshire the Greenback men have nominated Warren G. Brown for Governor, on an inflation platform.

THE trustees of the East River bridge have decided to sue the City of New York for payment of the appropriation of \$1,000,000.

IT has been decided by the New York Republican State Committee to hold the State Convention at Saratoga on September 26th.

THE Detroit and Milwaukee Railway was sold to the Great Western Railway, of Canada, for \$3,500,000, at Detroit, on September 4th.

THE Congressional commission on Custom House Investigations, of which Fernando Wood is chairman, have begun their labors in New York City.

A STATE ticket was put in nomination in Kansas by the Democrats on September 4th, the platform opposing resumption and demanding more greenbacks.

THE Minnesota Democratic State Convention met in St. Paul, September 5th, nominated a State ticket, and adopted a platform similar to that of the Ohio Democrats.

GOVERNOR AXTELL of New Mexico has been removed by the President, and General "Law" Wallace appointed to succeed him. By the same authority Postmaster Filley, of St. Louis, has been replaced by Samuel Hays.

PRESIDENT HAYES was received with much enthusiasm in Chicago on September 3d, and on the 5th he delivered a lengthy speech on finance and the growth of the Northwest, at St. Paul, Minn., which is to be printed as a campaign document.

AN action has been brought against William C. Rogers and J. Jarvis Jones, surviving members of the firm of stationers made notorious by the confession of Tweed, to recover nearly \$1,000,000 paid by the City during Ring days on raised bills.

FROM December 1st, 1871 to September 1st, 1878, the aggregate amount of six per cent. Government bonds refunded into bonds bearing a lower rate of interest was \$730,543,000, resulting in an aggregate savings during the seven years of \$28,160,643, which is equal to over \$4,000,000 per annum in the item of interest.

THE death-list of yellow fever victims up to September 9th contains the names of 3,652 persons. Many others are known to have died, of whom no record has been kept. In Grenada the scourge appears to have exhausted itself for want of victims; in Vicksburg it has become less virulent, and in New Orleans it is still spreading. Holly Springs, Miss., is almost depopulated. Memphis is severely afflicted, the fever raging in sections heretofore not affected. At Cairo the people are fleeing in fear of the fever, which has broken out in Hickman, Ky. A case of yellow fever was discovered in Union Court, New York City. The patient, a woman, was removed to the hospital, and died September 4th. Relief in money, goods, physicians and nurses, continues to flow southward with a liberality never before equaled.

Foreign.

THE new five per cent. Russian loan has proved a partial failure, only about one-third of the amount being subscribed.

THE excursion steamer *Princess Alice* was run down by the *Bywell Castle* on the Thames, September 3d, and between 600 and 700 people were drowned, the steamer sinking in five minutes.

MERHET ALI PASHA and twenty of his staff have been assassinated at Yocora, Albania, because they would not lead the insurrectionists against the Austrians. The Albanians have also killed the Governor of Ipek and ten other officials.

IT is believed Austria has informed the Porte that it is desirable that the occupation shall extend to Mitrovitza. This has for the time increased the difficulty of the negotiations, but the Porte is expected to yield at the last moment.

THE Rhodope Commission, in consequence of a diversity of opinion, has abandoned the idea of a collective report. Each member will send his report independently, but those of the British, French, Italian and Turkish Commissioners will be identical.

THROUGH the representations of United States Minister Welsh, Condon, the convicted Fenian, has been released from imprisonment by the British Government. When the news of the intended release reached Dublin and adjoining cities, there was great rejoicing.

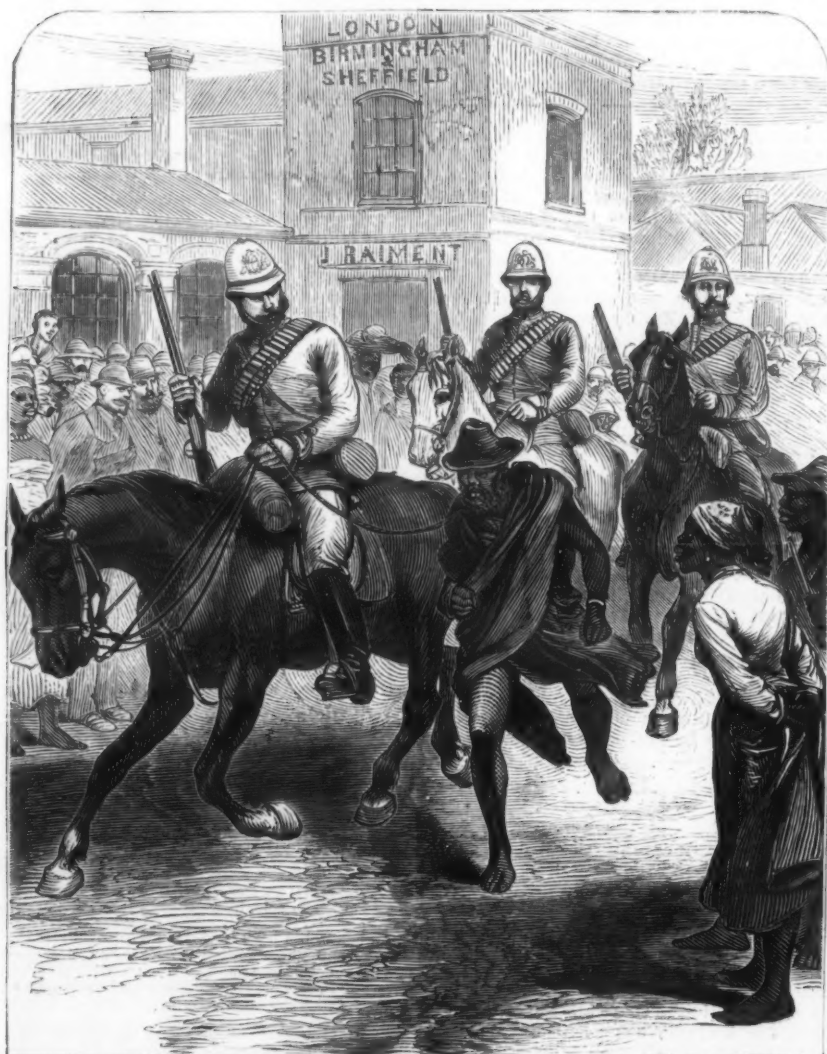
THERE was an impressive funeral ceremony at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, September 3d, in celebration of the anniversary of the death of M. Thiers. After the services Madame Thiers went to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, where there was a great demonstration and a large display of floral offerings at M. Thiers's tomb.

PRESIDENT DIAZ has issued two decrees for the suppression of smuggling on the Rio Grande. One decree authorizes any citizen to arrest smugglers and seize smuggled goods. The other closes the frontier ports of Mier and Camargo. The Government has also abolished the free zone, except as to Matamoros and New Laredo.

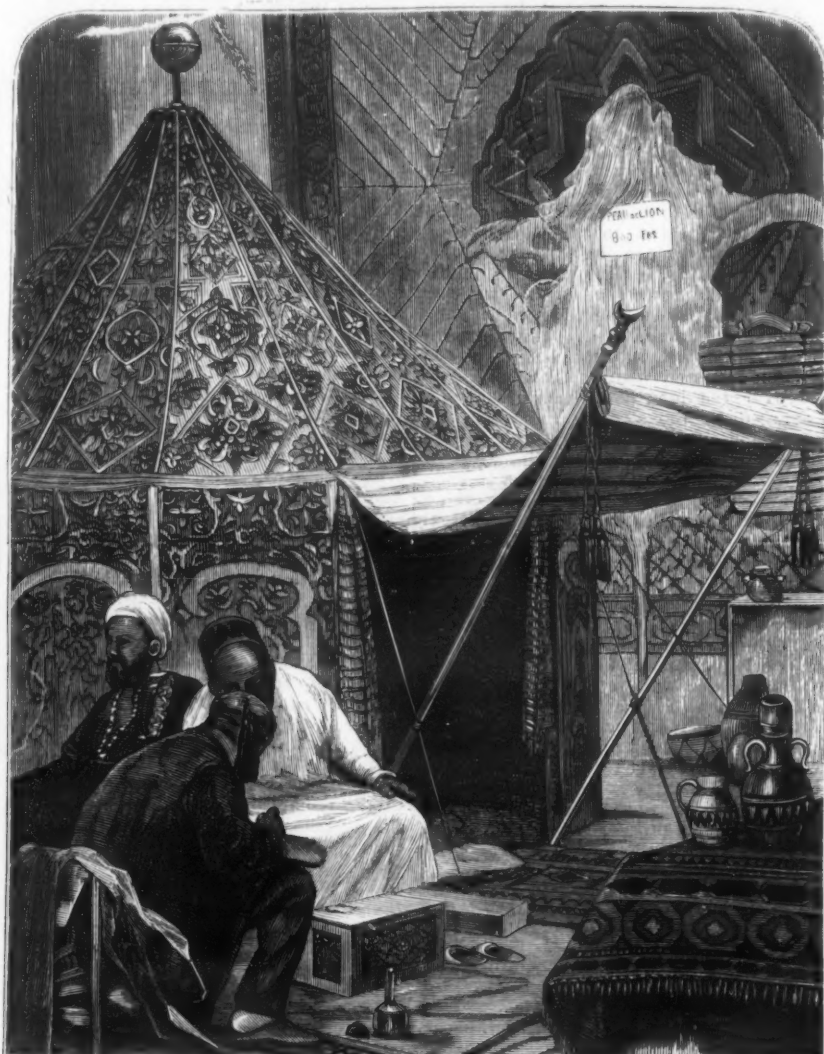
THE supplementary elections in Germany are now all over. The total result is that the Ultramontanes have gained 6 seats, the Conservatives 40. The National Liberals have lost 29, the Progressives 13, and the Social Democrats 4. The latter have now eight members. The other parties have suffered no loss and made no gain.

ROMAN advices state that Cardinal Monaco La Valletta will go to Perugia to represent the Pope at the consecration of a church at Canoscio. The whole Pontifical Choir will be sent expressly by the Pope to render the ceremony as imposing as possible, and will follow the Cardinal. This will be the first time the singers of the Pontifical Choir will have left Rome.

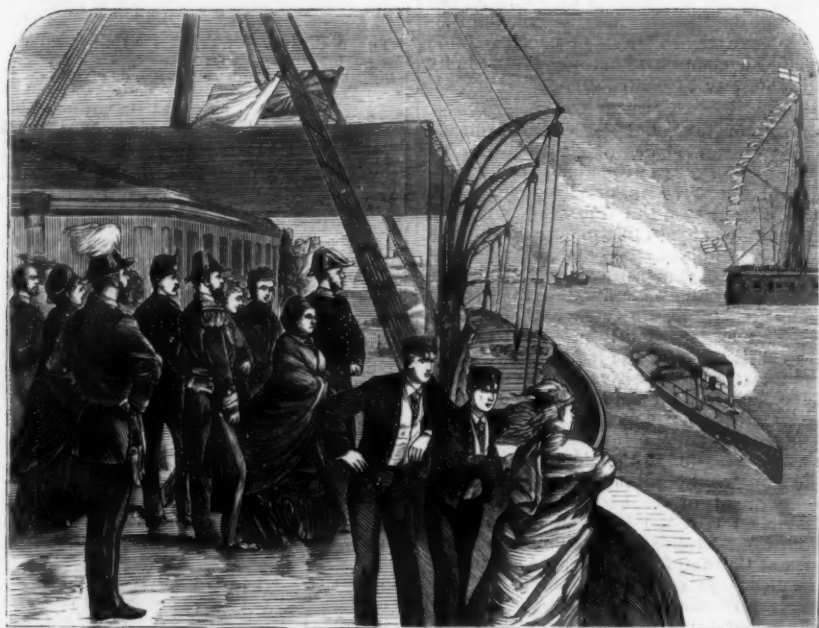
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 39.



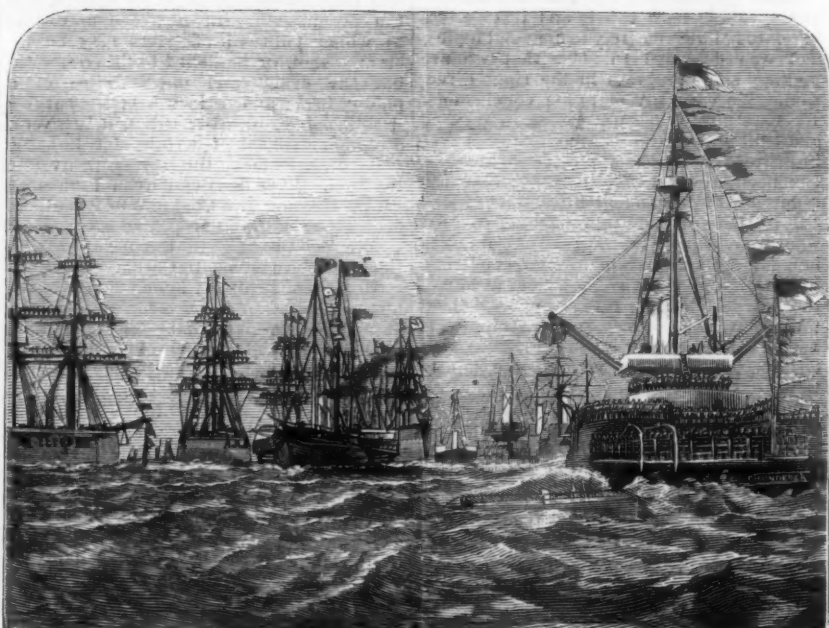
AFRICA.—BRINGING A CAFFRE CHIEF PRISONER INTO KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.



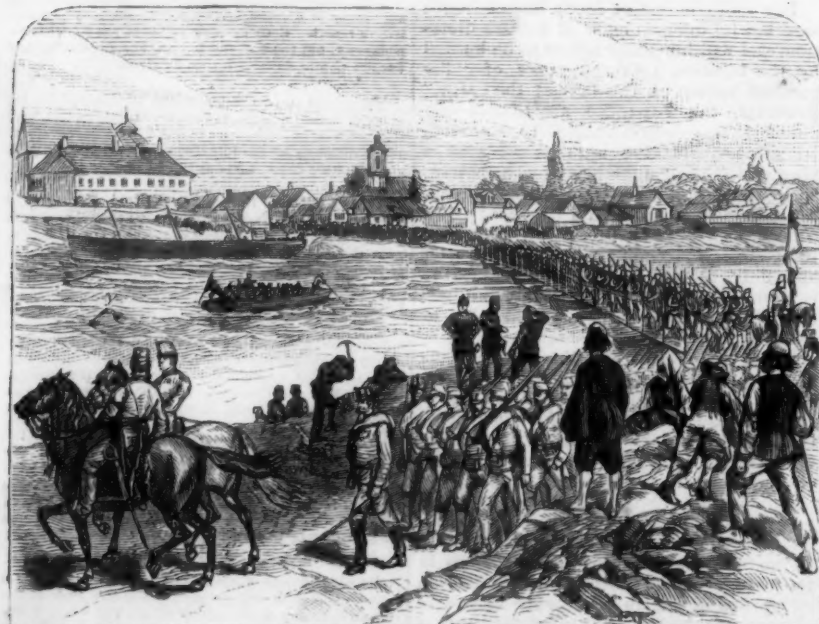
FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—TENT OF THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO, TROCADERO PARK.



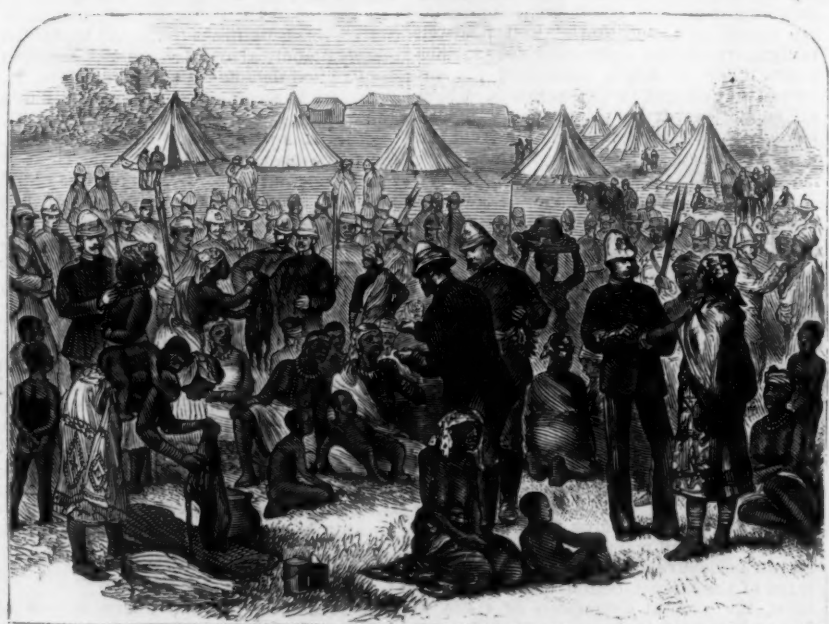
ENGLAND.—THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE FLEET.



ENGLAND.—THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD—HER MAJESTY'S YACHT PASSING THE LINES.



BOSNIA.—THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION—TROOPS CROSSING THE SAVE AT BROD.



AFRICA.—OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS PURCHASING TRINKETS OF CAFFRE PRISONERS.



NEW YORK.—NURSERY ESTABLISHED BY GRACE (P. E.) CHURCH, FOR THE CARE OF CHILDREN OF WORKINGWOMEN DURING BUSINESS HOURS, EAST THIRTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH AVENUES.—SEE PAGE 39.

LAVENDER.

LIKE a sweet Quakeress calm and chaste,
In sober green and violet grays,
Who finds herself by hazard placed
At some luxurious banquet's blaze,
Where round her throng court-dame and maid
In regal fabrics varying shade—
Velvet and satin and brocade!

So, where all liberal flowers unfurl
Their flamant splendours to the sun,
We find thy hues in some bright whorl
Of Nature's tapestry subtly spun,
While soft night winds with dewy feet
Flit over thee in dalliance fleet,
With whisperings vaguely low and sweet.

Amid the sinuous garden-ways
Thy perfume, like a spirit voice
Full of mysterious meaning, strays—
A fragrance sadder, yet more choice,
Than that which languorous lilies bear,
Or heliotrope that weights the air,
Or even than crimson roses share!

Since, where thou breathest, in the heart
Old thoughts arise from sloth, and stir
Through shadowy chambers where thou art
A lingering, mute remembrancer
Of feet whose light glad tread is done
Of lives that bore the cross nor woo
A recompense beneath the sun.

Old age, inhaling thy soft breath,
Recalls with suddenly blinding tears
The ways made void and waste by death,
The desolate distances of years,
The bridal and the festal hours,
Whose treasured relics hold thy flowers
In folds inviolate silken dowers.

Or one yet young, with lined brows bent,
Feels in thy essence past him borne
The odorous hair of one who leant,
With eyes low-lidded, lips forsworn
To kiss him, while in silken fold
Thy delicate hue was fain to hold
An angel body siren-souled.

Yet also may thy breath bring balm
To some dim eyes that strain for light,
And tired lives hear the far-off psalm
Of flowerful lands unknown to blight,
While love, not wholly lost, may dare
To mingle with the redolent air
A hope, a fealty or a prayer!

JOHN MORAN

HONEY'S THOUSAND DOLLARS.

HONEY threw the palmetto braid from her hands, and it fell in a shiny, curling heap upon the floor. "There," she said, impatiently, "we don't need to hear no more. The old man don't like it, and that's enough."

"No, Honey," said the old man, wagging his head solemnly, "no, I don't like it, and good reason why."

"Reason," repeated Honey, her rosy face growing more vivid in hue. "You can't say nothing against Tawm, and you know it."

"Where's his money?" asked her father, sententiously.

"If it comes to that, I have none. But Honey might be as happy with me as with another who had his pockets full."

The young man who spoke was leaning against an orange-tree before the house, looking up at the father who sat upon a rush-bottomed chair in the out-room, his chin resting upon the knob of his thick stick. He was a good-looking young fellow who had last spoken; tall and well-formed, with blue eyes and sandy hair, and a well-bronzed complexion, and there was that in his face which seemed to confirm his words. The old woman was evidently impressed by them. She pushed her sunbonnet back from her wrinkled face. There was no sunlight on the out-room; it and the clean-swept white sand of the yard before the house lay in deep afternoon shadow; but who should see old Mrs. Parrish without her sunbonnet, would see what the light had not revealed for many a long year. She pushed it backward, the better to look into her daughter's troubled face, and from her to the unmoved, perhaps slightly exultant, countenance of her husband.

"That's true enough, deary," she said, with a tremble in her voice. "Tawm's a good fellow, and we know him, and Honey takes to him."

"Where's his money?" repeated the old man, bringing his stick down upon the floor with a thump. "Or where's his farm?" he continued, after waiting a moment for the answer which no one gave. "Or where's his house? You can't say as you've got airy one, Tawm Byington. And Honey's got a thousand dollars, aint by her own hands, a-braiding 'maytoes. If she's foolish enough to wish to squander it on a man as hain't got a cent, why, I'm wise enough and strong enough to hinder her. That's what I say."

The old woman pulled her bonnet over her face. Honey picked up her braid and went on nervously with her work, the strands glancing rapidly through her fingers. Tom Byington flushed under his sunburned skin, and turned away.

"That's enough, Mr. Parrish," he said; "good-by, Honey."

"Wait a while."

The words were deliberately uttered, and Tom stood still, without, however, again turning his face towards the house.

"Yes," said the mother, eagerly, "Babe hain't said a word yet. Don't go, Tawm, till you hear what Babe has to say."

Babe appeared to have nothing to say. He was a tall, immensely powerful young man—so huge in bulk that the athletic young fellow before him appeared almost diminutive by contrast. His skin was fair and rosy, like a girl's, and he had small brown eyes, with a great shock of brown hair and heavy beard of the same color. He did not look up from his work, and seemed to have lost all interest in the conversation. No one spoke, however, until at length the young Hercules again opened his lips.

"Let Tawm have Honey when he brings her a thousand dollars," he said, slowly.

Tom stood still in his place. Honey again threw down her work. "And you call yourself Tawm's friend," she said.

"I am Tawm's friend," replied her brother,

slowly, after the usual meditative pause, "and I am your brother, Honey."

Tom Byington turned quickly and walked up the steps. "Good-by, Honey," he said, resolutely, holding out his hand. "You be true to me, and you'll see me here some day, thousand dollars and all." He made some signal of salutation to the others, and walked rapidly away.

The old man laughed a merry peal, looking after him, and again wagging his head in solemn, yet keen, delight. "That was well said, Babe; very well said. Honey can't ask no more nor that."

Honey got up and went into the house, shutting the door after her with great decision.

"I can't see what's got Honey," said the old woman, plaintively. "She don't seem no better suited nor she was afore."

"When Babe said so much for her, too," added Phebe. Phebe had not spoken till now. She was the eldest daughter, and naturally of no consequence in the family. She was tall and thin, like her mother, with a long nose and deep-set eyes and wiry frame, and with a foreshadowing already of the wrinkles which had transformed the old woman's face into a fine and intricate network.

Honey was like her father, plump and round, with short pudgy hands, prominent brown eyes, and an expression in which the jolly and the severe were somewhat curiously blended. But what in the old man's face might sometimes be taken for a twinkle of malice could never in the daughter be misunderstood as anything worse than a gleam of shrewd appreciation. Honey was the darling of the family, as Babe, the youngest child and only son, was its autocrat—a gentle, sheepish, deliberate autocrat, but in no whit mistaking his position.

"When Babe said so much for her, too," said Phebe. "I can't think what's got Honey."

"I know," said the old man, solemnly. "Honey's been charmonized."

The mother clasped her hands and changed color as far as her bloodless, parchment skin allowed. "Oh, father!" she ejaculated, "charmonized!" and "charmonized!" reiterated Phebe, with awe.

"Yes, charmonized," repeated the father, nodding his fat head gravely a great many times. "There's Egyptians in the country this day. You know that, Babe, as well as I do."

The young man considered before answering. "The old man is right," he replied, at last, to his mother's eager gaze of inquiry. "There is Egyptians."

"I don't believe it," said the old mother, stontly. "Tain't likely them miserable 'Gyptians as wanders about the woods, tinkering and telling fortunes, and most likely, stealing for a living, has any power over Honey, as is such a good gyrl, and has aint a thousand dollars, a braiding 'mayto hats."

"If tain't the 'Gyptians, then it's the Japonicans," said the father, persistently.

"What's them?" asked Phebe.

"Hain't you never heard on 'em? They're a yellow set, come from nobody knows where. They wear long pigtails down their backs, way down to the ground, and frocks like the women. I hear tell that they're making a heap o' trouble in Californy, and some on 'em is come to Florida, I hear."

The conversation was interrupted by Honey's reappearance, dressed for a walk.

"I'm going to town," she said, "to carry these hats to Musgrove's. There's a sight of Yankees there now, they say."

She descended the steps, her bundle of hats on her arm, and walked down the white, cleanly swept door-yard, under the orange-trees, kicking away the fallen golden fruit from beneath her feet. She passed through the high whitewashed gate, stopping, almost mechanically, to gather a bunch of early Winter roses from the bush which straggled through the fence, and went out into the lane where hens were scratching in the white sand and turkeys were hunting for food among the roadside weeds. There were carts and sleds about, and an ox-yoke lying against the fence, and a heap of newly grubbed roots and stumps on one side. So she went out into the pine-woods, where endless aisles of whispering trees stretched far away into indefiniteness, where the low afternoon sunlight lay in long golden bars along the ground, and pale Winter flowers peeped out amid tufts of newly springing grass from among the black clumps left by forest fires.

Down the long aisles walked Honey, too deeply wrapped in her own bitter musings to notice aught around her. She reached the hotel, disposed of her palmetto hats, and turned back upon her homeward way, walking rapidly through the familiar woods. At a fork of the road she paused.

"It is getting late," she said to herself. "I wish I had asked Babe if there was water on the wire road, it is so much nigher. I don't believe there is; we've had pretty much of a dry spell lately."

She took the road along the telegraph-poles, and walked swiftly on. The ground, though generally level, was full of undulations, with here a "hammock" of deciduous trees, and there a smooth slope to the bed of a "branch" or rivulet. One of the most abrupt of these descended steeply to a wider stream than any of those which Honey had hitherto crossed by the usual means of a log at the roadside. The stream was bordered by ferns and flowers, and there was a thicket of bushes upon the further side. The water was high, and the road-side log was entirely covered.

"There," said Honey, discontentedly, "just as I thought; why didn't I ask Babe?" She sat down upon a stump to take off her shoes and stockings, when she heard a rustling in the trees on the opposite bank, and a voice said:

"How will you work it to get over, Miss Honey?"

A man emerged from the bushes the same moment, and stood upon the bank in the full light of the setting sun. He was jet-black, of the middle size, with square shoulders and a square head. Although not in the least deformed, his gait was peculiar, as might have been observed even in the few steps he had taken. His countenance was good, though with a singular expression, perhaps crafty, perhaps only shrewd. He stood leaning upon his stick, and looking over at her with a half-patronizing smile.

Honey was not nervous, and had not started with fright at the sound of his voice. She stopped untying her shoes, however, and answered:

"I'm thinking I'd best wait a while. Jimmy Long will be coming by with his cyart and critter soon. I saw him go to town with a load of wood!" Her interlocutor had seated himself upon a stump opposite her, and regarded her fixedly.

"So the old man disinclines to Tom Byington's propositions," he said, at last.

He spoke with little of the negro accent, and with a full-mouthed precision and choice of words evidently highly gratifying to himself.

Honey started.

"What do you know about it?" she asked, hastily.

"Ah, you asks me that," replied the man, with stupendous gravity. "And I asks you, Miss Honey, what is there that old Griff does not know?"

"Is it really true, Griff," asked the girl, eagerly, "are you a conjur? They say so, but I never believed in conjur-work, and the old woman says there aint no conjurs—not in Florida, at any rate."

"The old woman knows what she knows, perhaps," replied the negro, solemnly, "and I know what I know. Miss Honey, there's a root planted for some one, and you know what that portends. And there's a seed planted, and that portends prosperity. If so be as it grows, Miss Honey—if so be as it grows."

He spoke the words with an air of fearful mystery, and vanished among the bushes, as a cart appeared on the crest of the little eminence above the brook. The vehicle came rattling down the hill, drawn by a most unruly mule, which was jerked about with extreme vigor by the boy who was perched upon its back. A young man stood in the cart, holding on by one of the sticks. He sprang to the ground.

"Why, Honey?"

"Oh, Tawm, is it you? Ask Jimmy to tote me over."

The brook was crossed in safety; Jimmy Long, "his cyart and critter" following a rough path which led to a farm on the right, and the lovers walked on, along the wire road.

"I'm right glad I met you, Honey," said Tom, at last. "I wanted to say good-by, again. I'm away to-morrow."

"Going away, Tawm!" echoed Honey, the roses in her cheeks almost paling, for a moment.

"Yes, I have heard of a place up in Alachua; and, Honey, I shall bring that thousand dollars to you, some day; only you be patient, as I will be. We have time enough, haven't we? And I will not be longer than I must; you may bet on that, Honey."

The girl's small brown eyes were raised to his face with an expression which, no doubt, made them beautiful to him. She placed her fat, freckled hand in the sunburned, sinewy palm which was outstretched to clasp it, and answered firmly:

"I'll wait, Tawm, if it was a thousand years. But how did you get the place? You never told huz."

"That's the queer part of it, Honey. I never knew it till this evening. I met that Griff in the woods after I left your house. You know what some folks thinks of him. I never did believe in conjur-work, but it does seem dreadful queer. 'So you wants a thousand dollars?' he says to me. 'What's that to you?' says I. 'It's this to you, Mr. Byington,' he says, 'that there's a thousand dollars waiting in Alachua County for the man as finds it. You go to town,' he says to me, and remember my words.' And, to be sure, when I got to town, as I was walking along by Musgrove's, a Yankee gentleman spoke to me, and asked if my name was Byington. He said he had heard tell of me, and that he wanted some one to take care of his orange-grove in Alachua, on shares. It's a young grove, but a good farm, and if I don't come back in three years with the thousand dollars, Honey dear, my name's not Tom Byington."

"Oh, Tawm!" said Honey, slowly. It was her way of showing feeling, to speak slowly and with few words, just as rapid utterance was his. Then, in a half-whisper, as if frightened: "How did Griff know? Do you think he is a conjur? I'm most afraid."

"I don't believe it, Honey. I know the folks say it, and I think he likes to have them think so, and this does look queer, but 'pears likely he heard this Mr. Butler asking for me, and he may have been prowling about and heard what your father said—he spoke loud enough." The young man's sunny face clouded at the remembrance.

They reached at length the fork of the road.

"Good-by, Honey," he said, after standing silently, her hands in both his, looking down into her eyes. "Be patient, and trust in me. I'll come for you sooner than Babe thinks for."

Honey gazed mutely into his honest blue eyes. "Good-by, Tawm," she said at last, turning slowly away.

He had not loosened his clasp of her hands, but, bending over her, he kissed her twice upon her trembling lips, and strode away under the pine-trees.

Honey did not stop to cry, nor did she look after her lover, though as she walked she listened for the muffled sound of his footsteps among the soft pine needles. The sun had set, and the short southern twilight was already gone. If the two tears fell which had dimmed Honey's sight as she gazed into her lover's eyes, no one could see them. There was no trace of them as she walked calmly into the work-room a few moments later.

It was three days after this, that Honey, having filled some orders which had been given her on her previous visit, returned from Musgrove's with a twenty-dollar bill in her hand. "I'll put this by with the rest," she said, showing it to her mother and sister as she came in. "I shan't want to break it, and I might as well tuck it away."

She passed into the inner-room, her mother following her. A moment later, those who were in the out-room heard a scream—a shriek of terror and dismay. Babe rushed into the house, with none of his usual deliberation, followed by Phebe and her father. Honey was standing, motionless and colorless, beside a square hole in the wall,

the board which she had removed from it in her hand. The old woman tottered towards her son.

"It's gone!" she gasped.

"Gone!" screamed Phebe. "What!—what's gone?"

"Honey's thousand dollars," said the old woman, bursting into tears. "Oh, Babe, Babe, what shall we do?"

Babe spoke no word, but, striding across the room, wrenched off the slabs around the hiding-place, but no money appeared. He searched in every corner, his exertions seconded by Phebe, but nothing at all resembling the well-filled stocking could be found. The money was really gone.

Honey had never moved from her place during all the searching, but stood still as if stunned, the little trap-door in her hand. Now, as if by general consent, they all went out into the out-room and took their accustomed seats. The old man was the first to speak.

"The Egyptians has got it," he said, in an awful voice.

The old woman wrung her hands and trembled. "Have they been about again, pard?" asked Phebe.

"I hain't seen none," replied her father, "but it stands to reason. Here's Honey charmonized, and now her money's gone. It can't be no other way."

Babe rose deliberately from his seat. "I will bring your money back, Honey," he said, slowly. "I saw a camp of them 'Gyptians out Middleburg way, when I went after cotton-seed. If they've got it, I'll find it for you." He passed out into the inner-room and returned with a sort of knapsack in his hand.

"They'll kill you, deary," sobbed the mother. "Don't go, Babe, the money's gone now; don't risk your own life."

The young man smiled kindly on his mother. "They won't hurt me," he returned, more promptly than usual. "I shall get Jim Long to go with me—he's sheriff. And Griff would be a good one, too. He's powerful strong, and as good a conjur as any of them Egyptians."

There was no answer, except the suggestive one of Phebe's, holding out to him a well-filled provision wallet. He slung it over his shoulder, kissed his mother, without a word, and walked towards the barn. Five minutes after the echo of his horse's departing feet resounded through the long aisles of the pine woods.

It was later on the same Friday evening that Tom Byington reined in his horse on the bank of the South Prong. The sun had set, and the moon, now in her second quarter, shone brightly over the tree tops, and glanced upon the dark waters of the creek. There was no bridge, and a cabin on the further side, with a rude flat-boat, drawn up on the shore, indicating that the stream was not fordable. The young man scanned the surroundings narrowly, then lifted up his voice and shouted; but no answer was heard, and no sign of life appeared in the cabin.

"The ferryman is out, 'pears likely," soliloquized the traveler. "He'll be back, perhaps, by when we get through supper, Jerry and me," and loosening the saddle-girths, he prepared for the evening meal. While thus engaged, the sound of a horse's hoof was heard, and Griff, mounted on a marsh pony, with his dog Bounce running ahead, emerged into the moonlight.

Tom advanced to meet him. "How is this, Griff? Nothing wrong to home, is there? What brings you?"

The negro at first showed signs of excitement, but in a minute or two, replied pompously:

"Regard for your interests, Mr. Byington. Did I tell you that there was a fortune awaiting you up to Alachua? And did I tell you true?"

"Well, and if you did?" asked Tom, impatiently.

"If I did, then perhaps you will allow that I know what I affirm, when I tell you that there's a fortune awaiting you, this very night as now shines upon our head. Mr. Byington, Miss Honey's money is stolen."

Tom uttered an exclamation of surprise, and looked keenly upon Griff.

"See here, Tom Byington," said the negro, dropping his pompous manner, and speaking rapidly, "there aint no time to lose. I didn't steal the money, but I know who did. I aint strong enough to get it myself, or maybe I would, and keep it myself, too, who knows? But them gypsies shan't have it while you needs it. I hain't forgot how you brought me vittels when I was down with yellow-jack last Summer, and every one else was afeard to come anigh. Them gypsies has been about old Parrish's house a good bit, and one of 'em hid under the floor night afore last, and took the money airly in the morning, while all was out in the field. I heard 'em tell how they did it, as they was a layin' in the woods, waiting for night to get away; but I durstn't fight 'em alone and I kin for you, tight as ole Brimstone could leg it. I didn't lot to catch ye so soon. They're gone due west, to hit the railroad; if we strike up north, we'll fall in with 'em to-night. They aint got no critters; we'll kitch 'em atwixt here and Middleburg."

Long before the man had concluded his explanation, Tom had tightened the girths and sprang upon his horse's back. Griff, who had dismounted, did the same, and they plunged into the woods, retracing their steps until they had passed the densely timbered hammock land upon the border of the creek. On reaching the pines they quitted the road, and struck due north through the forest, guiding themselves by the few stars which were visible in the moonlight. At length, as they halted, at a signal from Griff, after some hours' journeying, the negro called Bounce and held a piece of rag before the dog's nose; the creature sniffed at it, and looked inquiringly at his master.

"Sarch, Bounce," said Griff. The dog sniffed again, and put his nose to the ground.

"It's clear luck," replied Griff to Tom's look of inquiry. "It's a rag one of them fellows had around his feet. He dropped it, and I spotted it. They came this a-way, and must be hereabouts within five miles. Bounce'll track 'em."

They followed the dog in silence, listening eagerly for the sharp bark which would signify so

much. It came at last—the dog had found the trail.

They pressed cautiously, but eagerly, upon his footsteps. The dog had left the road and had struck into a narrow footpath leading through a thickly timbered hammock, which was rendered nearly impassable by an almost impenetrable network of vines. The moonlight which reigned above but served to render more intense the darkness of the thicket. As they advanced noiselessly, keeping the dog back as their only security against losing sight of him, he suddenly gave a short bark and sprang forward. A confused sound of scuffling was heard, in which oaths were intermingled with growls.

The two men dashed forward, regardless of scratches and bruises. Before they knew it, they were in the midst of the fray. One man was under Tom's horse's feet, a second was struggling with the dog, a third was aiming his pistol at Tom when Griff threw himself from his pony and brought the ruffian to the ground by the mere force of his weight. The pistol went off; Bounce gave a yelp of pain.

It was but a few moments and all was over. The men, thorough cowards, and completely taken by surprise, had dropped the well-filled stockings at the commencement of the fray, and now fled through the woods. Bounce lay dead upon the ground, and Griff was bending over him in real sorrow.

"Tain't no use," he said, after a moment, "the poor brute is gone. We hain't no time to lose in grieving, for them fellows will be back upon us with all their crew. They ain't going to lose a thousand dollars so easy. Have you got it, Mr. Tom?"

"All right," answered Tom. "I saw it when the rascal dropped it."

The stocking was carefully secured in Tom's wallet, and having carefully retraced their steps through the thicket, they put spurs to their horses as they reached the open woods, and rode rapidly towards home.

The moon had set, and dawn was approaching when they heard the sound of pistol-shots and then a cry for help several times repeated. They dashed through the woods in the direction of the scuffle, and found themselves at the foot of a slight eminence, upon the summit of which they perceived by the dawning light a cluster of ragged tents. At their right was a dark pool, and towards it half a dozen men were dragging a huge prostrate form, while two others were struggling together at a little distance.

"It is Babe!" exclaimed Tom, and dashed towards the group, firing his pistol, and followed by Griff. The sudden and unexpected onset frightened the gypsies; they broke and fled, leaving their prisoner upon the ground.

Turning quickly to the still struggling pair, Tom rode down upon them with a shout, and one of the combatants hastily followed his retreating comrades. The other turned breathless to his deliverer.

"Jim Long, is it you?"

"Why, Tom Byington!" was the panting reply as both ran hurriedly towards the vanquished Babe, who had already risen to his feet.

"The rascals," he said, slowly shaking the leaves and sticks from his clothing. "They've got Honey's thousand dollars, Tawm."

"No they haven't, old fellow," cried Tom, "for I've got it myself."

It was Saturday evening, and Babe had been nearly twenty-four hours gone. The family sat upon the porch, looking anxiously into the pine-woods; the old man walked restlessly up and down the yard.

"They've killed him, I know," moaned the old woman for the hundredth time. "Oh, Babe, my deary, I'll never see you no more!"

The daughters had exhausted their words of comfort and sat mute. Suddenly the rapid sound of galloping hoofs was heard. Babe and Jim Long dashed through the forest followed by two others, whom no one noticed but Honey. Babe's head was tied up in a bandage.

"Oh, he's dead!" screamed the mother.

"They've killed Babe—only see his head!"

"I'm all right, mother," said her son, calmly, alighting from his horse and coming up to her.

"It's only a cut."

"Where's Honey's thousand dollars?" asked the old man.

"I hain't got it, and that's the truth," said Babe, slowly.

"Oh, no matter about the money," sobbed the old woman. "Babe's alive, father, ain't that enough?"

"But here's a man as has got a thousand dollars he wants to give Honey," continued Babe, with a twinkle of humor upon his stolid countenance.

"Here's Tawm Byington, father, has saved my life and found the money, and has got a good place up at Alachua. He's brung the thousand dollar you asked him for, and I say let him have Honey's as promised."

"But it's Honey's thousand dollar," said the old man, gazing in perplexity from one to another.

"No, it's mine," answered Tom, who had found his way to Honey's side.

The old man looked again from one to the other.

"Well," he said, at last, "if Babe says so, and he saved Babe's life, I give in; but I don't see as Honey's no richer than she was afore."

"She's got a thousand dollars more'n she had this morning," observed Babe.

"And Tawm," said Honey, blushing rosy red.

INCIDENTS OF THE SCOURGE AT THE SOUTH.

THE present epidemic is believed to have broken out in New Orleans in May last, the first case being that of Purser Clark, of the *Souder*, and the second that of Elliott, the second engineer of the same vessel, the latter dying on the 29th. From that time until the early part of July there were no doubtful cases reported or heard of. Every known precaution was observed to prevent the spread of the fever, but it was communicated in

various ways to Memphis, Grenada, Vicksburg, and a few inland towns of Louisiana; and since the middle of July its progress has been widespread and rapid, until not only the leading Southern, but many of the Northern, cities have become infected.

For several weeks the new cases in New Orleans ran from one hundred to two hundred and fifty daily, and the deaths from ten to one hundred. Enterpe Street, between Carondelet and St. Charles Streets, appeared so thoroughly infected that a temporary barricade was erected to prevent the noise of the vehicles passing over the cobble-stone pavement. A few days ago a milkman drove up and insisted upon passing with his cart, saying that he paid his license and intended to drive on any street he pleased. The milkman attempted to force his way through, but was fired on by a citizen and driven off.

At an early stage of the excitement, and while various cities were establishing quarantine against New Orleans and Memphis, the citizens of Luka, Miss., formally invited refugees to seek the accommodations of their locality, and within a few days hundreds of people, in all conditions of life and with every species of vehicle, began pouring into the city, where a hearty welcome was extended.

The office of the Recorder of Deaths in New Orleans is on the ground floor of the St. Louis Hotel, and has been the location of many strange and sad spectacles. While sitting there our correspondent saw one of the charity wagons, containing two dead bodies, in rough, unpainted pine coffins, driven up for a burial permit. One, containing a woman, was piled upon the top of the other, and surmounting the ghastly heap sat a faithful dog and the woman's husband, who accompanied her remains to the Potter's Field, to note the spot where they laid.

The scenes about the aid-centres in New Orleans remind one of the days of the war. Particularly does the waiting crowd of basket-holding people about the Commissary Department awaken in the memory the days following the capture of the city of Savannah. Here the crowd is made up of negroes, who sit on the curbing, sit on the pavement of the street beyond the railing of the Commissary Depot, and, clutching their baskets and the orders from ward committees, watch intently the large door, and listen long in vain to hear their own names pronounced by the black crier, mounted on the box upon the window's ledge. The crowd is four or five hundred in number during the liveliest day.

The system of giving rations, as worked by the Relief Committee, is as cautious, as proof against imposition, probably, as it is possible to make it. All applications of the needy are made to ward committees, whose duty it is to look into the justice of the claims made to them, and then to give a draft on Commissary Mucabe for the number of rations and the number of days. This draft is presented, and the holder's name and time for drawing and number of rations are entered in a large indexed book. From this book they are fed in turn as long as their drafts specify.

The authorities of Memphis used every reasonable means to keep the fever out, and now that it had got in in spite of them, they come as near as possible to moving the infected part of the city. The disease was all in a northwestern section. A large number of tents were obtained from the United States Government, and an encampment was made in a salubrious suburb, and named Camp Joe Williams. Those of the residents of the infected district who had not already gone away were sent to this camp, and fed at the city's expense. Not a soul was left in the fever neighborhood except the officers who went to disinfect the houses. But the camp was not established without opposition. The spot selected was five miles south of the city. Dr. Noll went there with the tents and several assistants. He was at once surrounded by a mob of negroes, who drove him back to the city. They disliked the invasion by a possibly fever-bearing rabble. On the following day the doctor returned with two military companies at his back, and the encampment was made without further trouble.

The undertakers have long been unable to bury all the dead, for want of labor and material. This was particularly the case with County Undertaker Walsh, who could not turn a wheel until he received help from the Citizens' Committee. At Elmwood Cemetery the coffins were piled up in tiers, notwithstanding that a large force was constantly employed digging graves. It was the same at all the burying-grounds.

It is a handsome commentary on the generosity and noble-heartedness of the American people that the city and medical authorities, the Howard and Young Men's Christian Associations, and countless other organizations, were not permitted to struggle alone with the sad horror. Long before any call for assistance had been made, the people of the United States, irrespective of sections, creed, interests or other distinctions, began sending to the South money and materials in a haste and volume almost unprecedented. And as physicians and professional nurses gave out or died at the post of self-imposed duty, their places were speedily supplied by volunteers from non-affected districts. The incidents above mentioned are but an indication of many thousands yet to be written; the assistance in money, material and men already rendered our Southern friends is but a tithe of what a humane North and East and West are anxious to extend in the name of Christianity and fraternity.

DAY NURSERY AND CRECHE OF GRACE CHURCH.

ON the north side of East Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues, stands a three-story brick house, painted brown. A Gothic portico, surmounted by a gilt cross, ornaments a short flight of stone steps. The words "Grace House" in golden letters stand forth in bold relief upon the portico. This is a *crèche*, or day nursery, where poor mothers on their way to their daily work can leave to safe guardianship both the baby and any other little ones who are too young for school. It is also advantageous for the children, who are passed on gradually from nursery to partial tuition, and so on, step by step, till at nine years old they are launched out into the world of real school life.

One day in the past week we visited "Grace House." Upon arrival we were saluted by the music of child-like prattle, and, on ascending one flight of stairs, found myself in a lofty, well-ventilated school-room, containing a piano, a blackboard, about thirty tiny armchairs, each chair occupied by a clean, bright, happy-looking, blue-pinked child, all glowing with curiosity, and as free and unfettered as young birds in a downy nest. Miss Alice Egan, the matron and teacher, received me with the utmost courtesy, and at once plunged in *medias res*.

The school and *crèche* are supported by the congregation of the Episcopal Church on Broadway

and Tenth Street. It opened on the first day of March in the present year with eleven children; it now numbers sixty-five, the average attendance being forty-five. Children are received from sixteen months to nine years of age. It is purely non-sectarian, and proselytism is forbidden under any pretext. The children are of all nationalities, and the babel of infant tongues is singularly striking. On their way to their work the mothers leave their children, calling for them in the evening. One poor woman has six children in Grace House. The inmates are fed on beef soup, pea soup, rice and molasses; codfish and potatoes on Friday. Every day the dinner is different, and it is always hot. The milk for the *crèche* is most generously donated by Mr. O. B. Potter. The little ones are fed on bread and milk and crackers. Every child gets as much bread as it can eat.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Egan, with a comical gesture, "what a quantity they can get through." The *crèche*, or department for the younger children, is presided over by Mrs. Egan, the mother of the matron. There I found, engaged with toys and picture-books, a number of tiny toddlers, all clean as new pins, all fresh from the bath. In a smaller room there are a number of neat little iron cribs, and here lay pink-faced, mottled-limbed, tired-out juvenility enjoying childhood's peaceful and dreamless sleep.

Those who send their children to the *crèche* are not generally of the pauper class, but poor respectable working-women, who, without the help of this nursery, would have to pay for having the child looked after at home, or else lose their daily employment. Besides this, there are few homes, especially in a city, where little children could have the benefit of such cleanliness, good air, and food, and care, as in this admirably managed establishment. What happiness and ease of mind to a working mother to feel that her infant is safe and not left to the tender mercies of the dram-drinking virago whose whole control over the child left to her care lies in threats and starvation!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Late Caffre War in South Africa.

Our graphic reminiscences of the late frontier war in South Africa represent no scenes of actual conflict or hostile movements and preparations, but the appearance and demeanor of Caffre prisoners who were brought into King William's Town. Large numbers of Galkas have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from three to fifteen years, but it is understood that in all ordinary cases Government will remit the sentence when peace is fully restored, and furnish employment on public works to all who may desire it. The captive rebels include nearly all Sandilli's family, and of this the eldest son, Edmund Sandilli, is, perhaps, the most interesting member. He is a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age; his features are well formed, and his appearance is prepossessing. He has received a good English education, and up to the time of the outbreak filled the post of magistrate's clerk at Middle Drift. He joined his father shortly after hostilities commenced, but declares now that he only went to his father to dissuade him from war, and remained with him in the bush vainly endeavoring to bring hostilities to a peaceful termination. He states that several thousand Galkas lost their lives while actually fighting, and that disease and starvation carried off large numbers of the fugitives in the mountains. The destitution was so great that the female prisoners were easily persuaded to barter their beloved trinkets and ornaments to the English officers and soldiers, and readily accepted money for their most valued possessions.

Tent of the Emperor of Morocco at the Paris Exhibition.

The pavilions belonging to those Moslem nations of North Africa, who must, from geographical vicinity and affinity of race to the people of Algiers, be regarded with much interest by the French public, attract considerable attention in the Trocadéro Park. We give an illustration of the tent erected for the Emperor of Morocco, whose death was erroneously reported in all the newspapers some weeks ago, but who may possibly survive the Exhibition, if he does not recover health in time for a journey this season to Paris. The lion's hide exposed for sale at the price of 800*l.*, must be the property of some one of his Moorish Majesty's subjects.

The Austrian Occupation of Bosnia.

When the Emperor of Austria undertook, at the request of the Congress, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he doubtless expected some sort of resistance, but that it would assume the proportions which it has since attained must have been quite beyond his expectation. Our news columns have kept our readers thoroughly informed of the varied successes and repulses of the Austrian troops; and our present engraving represents the scene of the troops crossing the river Save, at Brod, the frontier town, by means of a bridge of boats, in the last days of July, as previously mentioned.

The British Naval Review at Spithead.

The review of the Particular Service Squadron, which was held in the presence of the Queen, though marred as a public spectacle by the prevalence of rain and haze, was none the less an event of significant importance, and naturally attracted many sightseers. The number of vessels to be reviewed was not large; there were twenty-six in all, and they were drawn up in two lines, called respectively the Port and Starboard Divisions, the former consisting entirely of vessels of the turret and monitor class, whilst the latter was composed exclusively of broadsides. The squadron, which was under the command of Admiral Sir Cooper Key, was manned by gallant fellows almost exclusively drawn from the Coast Guard, and the entire fleet was ready, if need be, to go to sea on "particular service" at a moment's notice. The proceedings of the day commenced with the embarkation, on board the *Euphrates*, of the members of both Houses of Parliament, who were brought from London by special train, and the simultaneous embarkation of the other privileged visitors on board the various ships to which they had been invited. Her Majesty left Osborne about three o'clock, and as she stepped on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* from the royal barge the royal standard fluttered at the masthead, and the answering salute of the fleet, though inaudible at that distance, was visible in the flashes of fire from the guns and the smoke, which floated away in clouds towards the east. The *Victoria* and *Albert* now steamed away towards the fleet, while in her wake followed the royal yacht *Osborne*; then the *Enchantress*, with their Lordships the Commissioners of the Admiralty; then the *Fire Queen*, with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Fanshawe, flying his flag at the main; then the *Euphrates*, with the Lords, Commons, and a large number of peeresses and lady companions; then the *Field*, with the foreign representatives, and the *Dasher* and *Brilliant*, with half-pay naval officers and officers of the garrison. In this order the little flotilla passed between the two divisions of the fleet, the crews of the broadsides manning yards, and those of the turret ships and monitors the turrets and decks, and cheering lustily as Her Majesty passed by.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE reports of the prevalence of cholera in Sweden are denied.

—THERE are over thirteen hundred miles of military telegraph line in Texas.

—SINCE the advent of the Conservatives to office, the public expenditures of England have averaged an increase of nearly \$7,500,000 a year.

—DURING the month of August Chicago received 37,453 car-loads of grain by rail, and 1,613,725 bushels by canal, being an aggregate of about 16,600,000 bushels.

—A NEW idea for a wedding breakfast in England—in Summer, of course—is an adjournment from the church to some pleasant spot near by, where a picnic is held.

—THE Memphis *Appeal* notes the fact that although Chinamen reside and do business as laundrymen in the infected districts, not a single one of them has yet taken the yellow fever.

—A HOWL is looked for from the churchmen of England. At Cyprus, when Sir Garnet Wolseley took possession, the British flag was solemnly censed, blessed and hoisted by Greek priests, the guards presenting arms.

—ASSISTANT CITY-ATTORNEY HOLT, of Bridgeport, Conn., who is a rowing-man, has invented a reflective apparatus, by which the bow-earman of a boat can obtain a view ahead for 250 feet without changing his position.

—THE cattle-trade between South Florida and Cuban ports is steadily increasing. There are five American and two Spanish schooners, one American and one Spanish steamship constantly engaged in the transportation.

—SEVENTY-NINE public Acts were passed at the late session of the English Parliament, which began January 17th and ended August 16th. There were 279 divisions, of which forty-two were on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill.

—THE sessions of the International Peace Congress are to take place at the Tuileries, Paris, on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 30th of September. Arbitrations and reforms in international law will figure prominently in the discussions.

—THE Howard Association began its work this Summer with \$35,000 in United States bonds in hand—the amount of the country's contributions in 1873, with interest accrued, less donations since to plague-stricken cities in the South.

—A HANDSOME marble tablet, with an appropriate inscription, has been fixed in the transept of the cathedral at Bristol, England, to commemorate the philanthropic labors of the late Miss Mary Carpenter in that country and in India.

—THE bones of the intrepid explorer, Père Marquette, have been discovered near Point St. Ignace, Mackinac, about thirty yards from the former Jesuit church, and probably within the fence which once surrounded the dwellings of the missionaries.

—JUDON MACKAY, of South Carolina, thinks conciliation has been of some service to the colored people of that State. Upon investigation he finds that during the past year only one negro has been killed by white men, while seven white men have been killed by negroes.

—It is rumored that a split is impending in the Belgian clerical party. The Constitutionalists will, according to a report, separate themselves from the Extremists (or party of the Syllabus) and organize a Catholic Constitutional party. It seems probable that the Pope is not unfriendly to such movements.

—At a late council of the Spanish Ministry, the question of the young King Alfonso's second marriage was, according to report, considered. It was thought that though the project might be premature, its speedy consideration for dynastic reasons was essential. The youngest sister of the late Queen Mercedes is the lady named.

—THE Norwegians complain that foreign sportsmen, especially English, are likely to exterminate the reindeer and wild fowl. More than fifty reindeer are now seldom seen on the Hardanger table-land, where 300 or 400 could formerly be found; and Professor Fris, the greatest Norwegian sportsman, says there are only 6,000 or 8,000 in the whole country.

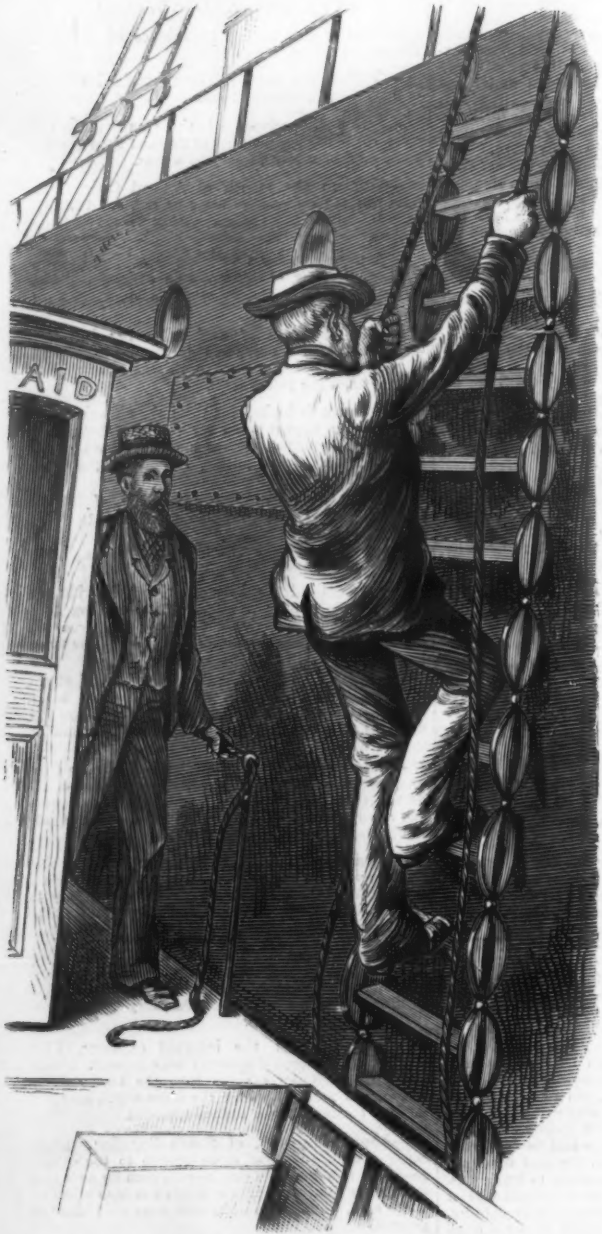
—A NEW idea, very original and extremely Parisian, has just been started. It is that of a floating restaurant on the Seine, plying between the capital and Saint-Germain. This establishment is installed on board a pretty little steamer. It has two decks, one of which is fitted up as a covered saloon with every accommodation, and on the other is fixed a tent which shields the voyager from sun and rain.

—THE total population of Denmark exceeds 2,000,000 souls, of whom 1,959,000 live in Denmark proper, 72,000 in Iceland, 9,800 in Greenland, and 37,500 in the West Indian colonies. The population of Copenhagen and its suburbs is about 250,000. The average duration of life in Denmark is fifty years, while in England it is forty-five, in France thirty-two, and in Italy only thirty years; but the number of suicides is very large, and increases every year, the majority being committed by hanging.

—THE inauguration of the statue of Victor Emmanuel will take place at Monza, after the return of the Queen, who is expected back at the end of the present or the beginning of next month. The monument about to be erected to the memory of the deceased King represents him standing in the uniform of a general, his right hand resting on a small column, and holding a scroll containing the constitution given by Charles Albert. The statue is of Carrara marble, surpassing the natural proportions by one-third. The entire monument will be about twenty-one feet in height.

—CHARTWORTH, the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, contains 2,000 acres, which he retains for his private park and flower garden, besides thousands more that are rented for farming. His park is bounded on all sides by hills, which cut it off from the rest of the world, and no other house than his own can be seen from the windows of his grand mansion. His flower-garden alone comprises 102 acres, wherein sixty laborers are constantly employed to keep it in order. The remainder of the 2,000 acres is all in grass and woodland, and stocked with deer. This is said to be the finest private residence in Europe.

—ROME is no longer the pecuniary paradise it used to be in the years—now long, long ago—when Pío Nono was king. For English and American artists the Roman season is abolished, and rank and fashion are now represented by the loungers in the Corso after office-hours. People who used to stay in Rome for months now remain for days only, if they come at all. The Legationist nobles of Naples, of Tuscany, of Modena, etc., who made Rome their Holy City every year, have, since the Sardinian dynasty has ruled on the Monte Quirinale, deserted the place. They hold holiday now in Paris or in London, and to Paris the artists follow them.



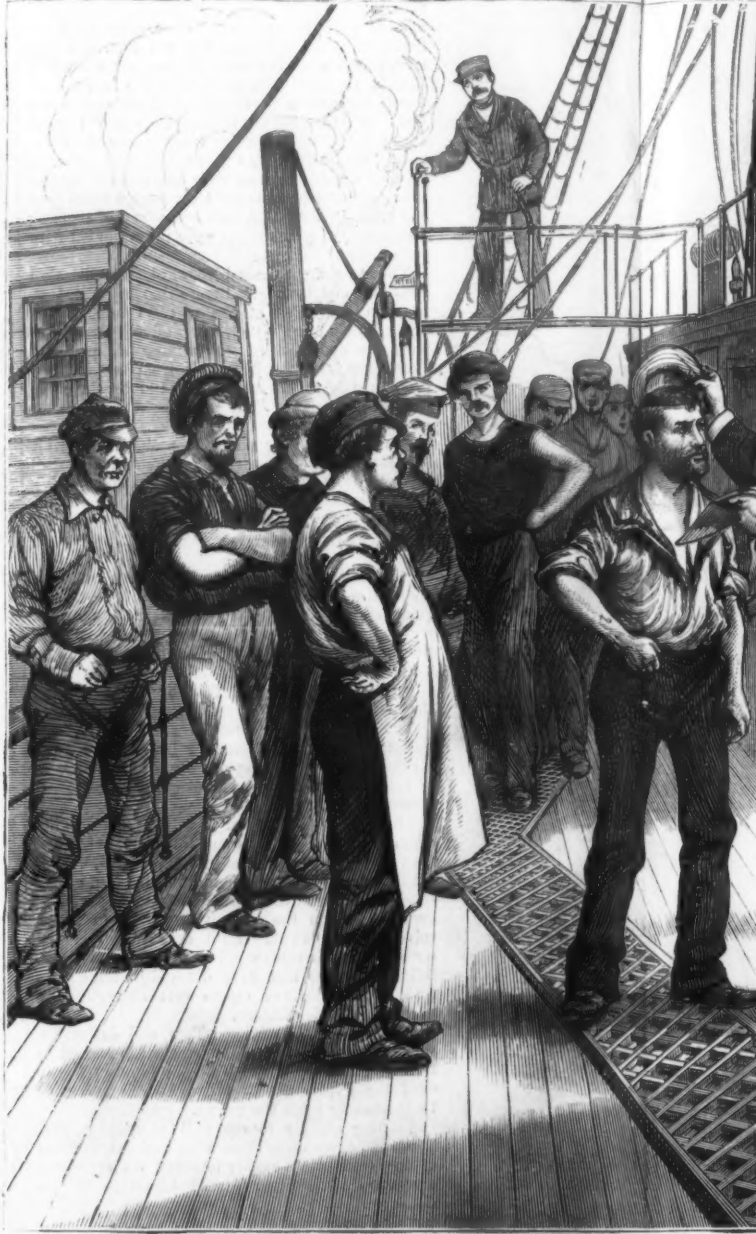
DR. VANDERPOEL BOARDING AN INFECTED SHIP.



VESSEL DISCHARGING CARGO.



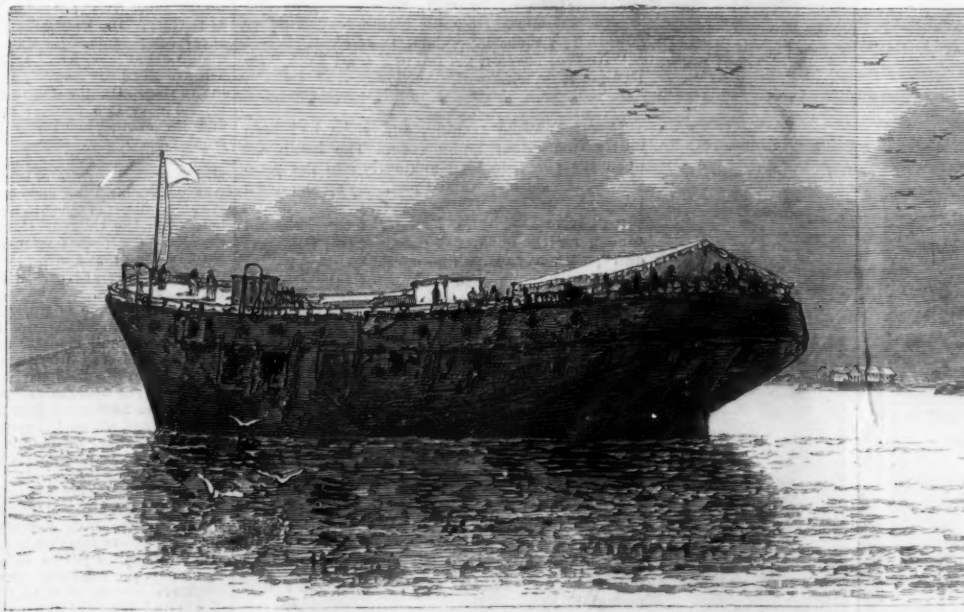
SIGNALING FOR THE DOCTOR.



"LOOK ME IN THE EYE."



FUMIGATING THE SHIP'S HOLD.



A TOUR OF INSPECTION.

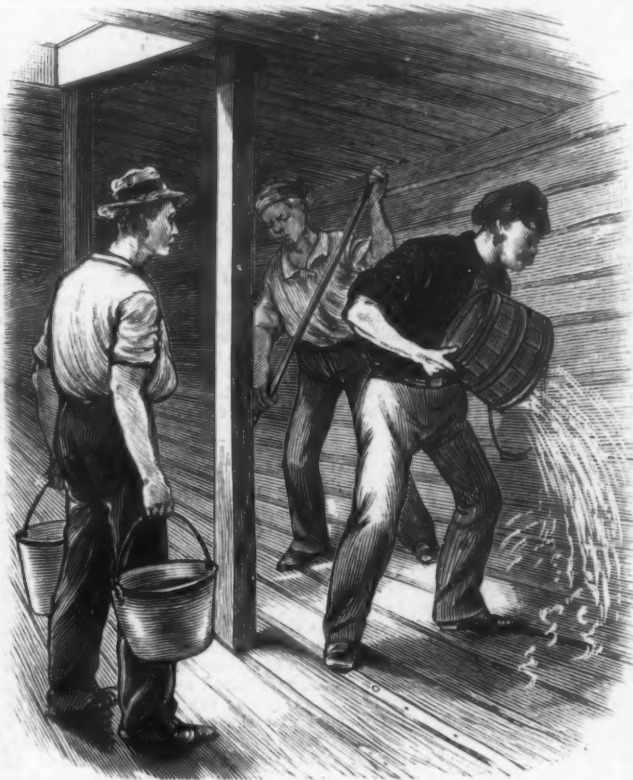


THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—QUARANTINE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF YELLOW FEVER—INSPECTION AND FUMIGATION.



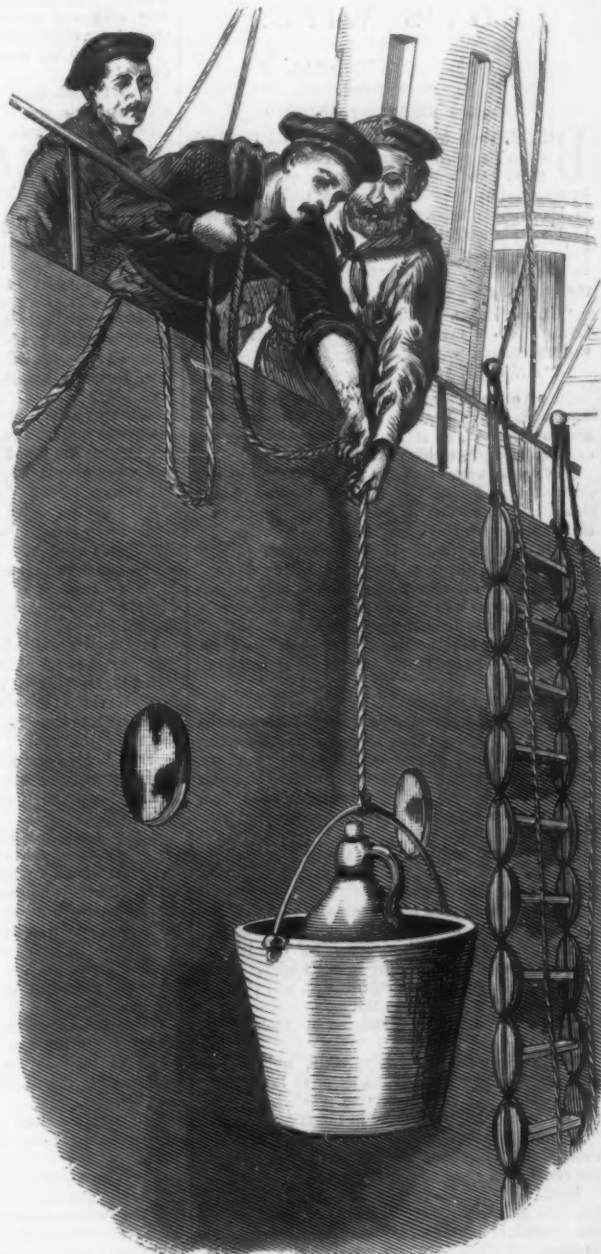
IN THE EYE."



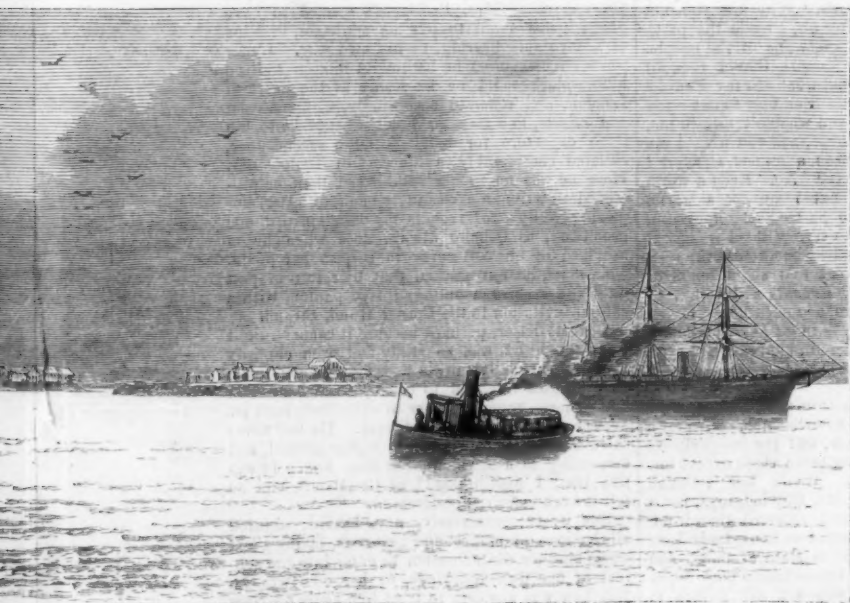
SCRUBBING THE SHIP'S HOLD.



ORDERING GENERAL INSPECTION.



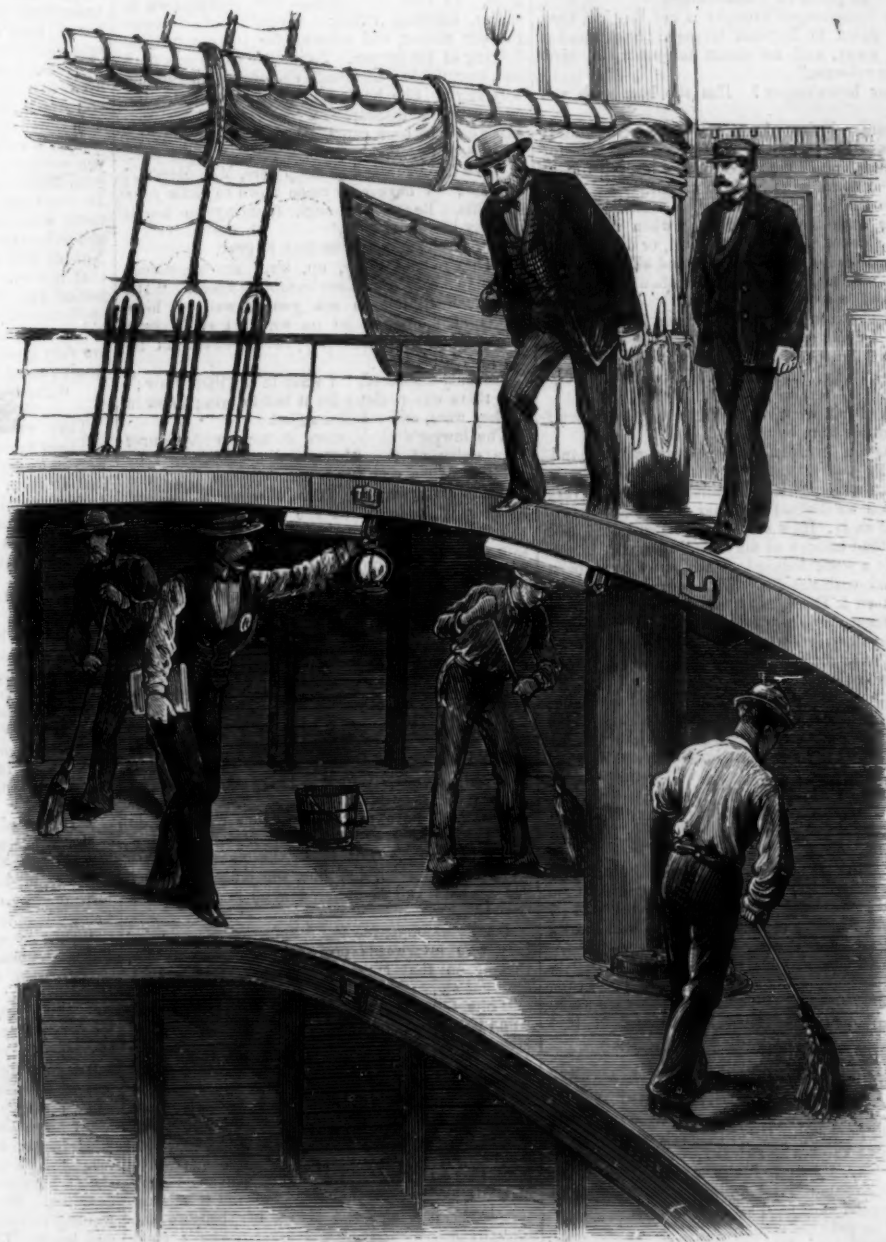
TAKING UP FUMIGATOR.



OF INSPECTION.



FROM WHICH



EXAMINATION OF THE SHIP BY THE DOCTOR.

ROY'S WIFE.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—POST-DATED.

BRAIL slept longer than usual after the day's work recorded in our last chapter. Handing these two ladies into another compartment, he returned to London by the same train, in charge of his drunken messmate, whom he saw safe home to his lodgings, where he helped to put him to bed. He had not yet "turned out," as he called it, when a laconic note arrived from John Roy to the following effect:

"DEAR BRAIL—You are the best of friends! Come and see me here as soon as possible. You will understand why I do not go to you."

"Gratefully yours, J. R."

In a very short space of time the ready sailor was at his correspondent's door, fresh, clean-shaved and well-dressed, as if he had devoted hours instead of minutes to his careful toilet.

Roy, who was drinking tea, jumped up and grasped him by the hand. Then the two looked sheepish and awkward, as only Englishmen can, each waiting for the other to begin.

"Have some breakfast?" said the host.

"Thanks," answered the guest, sitting down.

Not a word for nearly five minutes, only a great clatter of plates and munching of dry toast.

Presently Roy looked up.

"That was touch-and-go, yesterday," said he. "I should have put my foot in it, if it hadn't been for you."

"I think you just would."

More munching, and another application to the tea-pot, a box of cigarettes pushed across the table, a light struck, and at last they found their tongues, conversation proceeding smoothly under the influence of tobacco, like machinery that has been oiled.

"I wanted very much to speak to you, this morning."

"I knew you would. That's why I came."

"After what we heard yesterday, I begin to think I am in the wrong."

"You have been in the wrong all through."

"Thanks! I hate a fellow not to say what he means. If you must have your leg off, it's no use the sawbones pretending it won't hurt. Now I want to show you something that will prove I am not such a brute as you think."

"I should like to be satisfied of that. Fire away!"

Roy walked to his writing-table, unlocked a drawer, and drew from it the letter to Lord Fitz-owen which had caused him so much bitterness.

"Read," said he, placing it in the sailor's hands. "I would give ten years of my life to find any excuse, any palliation, any crutch of escape from the conclusion I am forced to draw."

Brail read it attentively more than once, and his face fell with every line. At the end of his last perusal, it expressed no less astonishment than concern.

"How did this fall into your hands?" he asked, after a long pause of consideration.

"My housekeeper brought it me the last time I went down to Royston Grange. She found it hidden away, and no doubt forgotten, in Mrs. Roy's jewel-case."

"Your housekeeper? Has she been with you long?"

"Years. Before I married she was almost mistress of the place—ordered everything, paid for everything, and kept the whole establishment going. I could trust her like myself."

Again the sailor pondered. "It must have been rather a come-down," said he, "when Mrs. Roy took the command over her head, or did she still continue to serve out the stores, and all that?"

"No. Mrs. Roy was an excellent manager, and looked to everything herself."

"Did she turn discontented under fresh regulations? I don't mean mutinous, but slack with the duty, and disrespectful to her new mistress?"

"Not exactly. But she certainly seemed to dislike her."

Again Brail went over the letter, apparently more puzzled than before.

"Are you satisfied this is your wife's handwriting?"

"I can swear to it! Besides, there's the very monogram we devised together not a week before she went away. How can women be so false! She seemed fond enough of me then."

"Only a week before! They must have been very quick with the die. Who engraved it?"

"Pattern & Press, in Oxford Street. I've employed them ever since I was a boy."

"Did you write to them with the order?"

"No, but she did. I posted the letter myself."

"Do you remember when?"

"On the nineteenth of March. I am certain of the date, because we were stopped hunting by the frost."

"And when did your wife leave Royston Grange for good?"

"On the twenty-seventh."

"Mr. Roy, I think I see daylight. Will you put on your shore-going togs, and come in a cab with me?"

The "shore going togs" were speedily assumed, and our energetic lieutenant, hurrying his friend into a hansom, desired the driver to make all sail for Oxford Street, and bring up at the well-known firm of Pattern & Press.

Pulling John Roy after him, he strode hastily into the back-shop, and requested to see Mr. Press.

A smiling person, who made as if he were washing his hands, "regretted Mr. Press had that moment stepped out."

"Mr. Pattern, then?"

The smiling person, not without bowing an apology for his own existence, intimated that he was Mr. Pattern. "What could he do for the gentlemen in the absence of his partner?"

"Do you know who this is?" asked Brail.

"Mr. Roy, I believe," was the deferential answer. "Excuse me if I am mistaken. My sight is not so good as it used to be."

"Has he paid his account?"

"I believe not. I hope not. Most unusual to

send it in before Christmas. Sorry to trouble Mr. Roy with any account, however long standing. One of our oldest customers."

"Never mind that! Can you let us have it now?"

"Certainly—certainly. Our bookkeeper shall make it out in five minutes. Will the gentlemen take chairs and wait?"

"What are you driving at?" whispered Roy. "In the first place, I have only a few shillings in my pocket. How can I pay the bill when they bring it me?"

"Easy!" answered the other, while Mr. Pattern, regarding the speaker in mute astonishment, proffered the wished-for document, which Brail possessed himself of at once, and slapped down with exceeding energy on the counter, exclaiming:

"I was sure of it! Lower away now, my hearty! We're winning hand-over-hand. It's as plain as a pikestaff! No man alive can dispute such a fact as this, regularly entered on the ship's log! See here: March the 28th. To six quires of letter-paper, cream-laid, with new monogram and envelopes to match, 12s. 6d. March the 28th. Do you observe the date? Mr. Pattern, can you verify this entry of yours? When was this packet of letter-paper posted?"

"On the 28th, sir. Here it is in the day-book. Addressed—Mrs. Roy, Royston Grange."

"That's enough. There's something below the water-line here that must and shall see light. It's lucky we thought of overhauling that big book. Mr. Roy, the sooner you and I clear out of this the better!"

In the street Brail could express himself with greater freedom. "Don't you see," he continued, "that letter carries *forgery* on the face of it. Mrs. Roy left the Grange on the 27th. This paper, with the new monogram, was never delivered there till the 28th. Somebody has been trying to ruin her by imitating her handwriting, and I have my own suspicions who that somebody is. Let us hail another cab, and drive to your lawyers."

Roy suffered himself to be led like a child by his energetic friend. "I am in your hands," said he; "do with me what you like."

Mr. Sharpe, who seemed much less of a "land-shark" than Brail expected, and was indeed an honorable, right-thinking gentleman, coincided with the sailor in his opinion that Mr. Roy should proceed home at once, there to leave no stone unturned till he had discovered the author of this foul conspiracy.

So at six o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Mopus, sitting comfortably over her tea, was startled by a ring at the hall-door, and the appearance of her master, with two strange gentlemen, standing on the steps.

"It's lucky I had my little card-party yesterday!" she thought, reflecting how awkward it would have been to conceal, or get rid of, certain guests who occasionally refreshed themselves by her invitation at Mr. Roy's expense. "What can they want, coming unbeknownst like this? Three of them, and nothing in the house but a cold cherry-tart and a spare-rig of pork!"

She was soon to be undeceived as to their motives. In vain she dressed her countenance in smiles, affecting extreme cordiality of welcome for her master, and concern for the comfortable lodging of his friends. John Roy's face was dark and inscrutable; his words were brief, his bearing was stern. She had never seen him like this but once, when he discharged a butler at an hour's notice who had been robbing him with impunity for six or seven years.

"We do not intend to sleep here, Mrs. Mopus," said he; "I have only come down to settle your accounts. Be good enough to bring the books into my library at once."

Her face changed from drab to gray. "They're not made, up, sir," she answered, dropping a courtesy on her trembling knees. "It's too much trouble to ask you to wait—I have plenty of money to go on with. I could send them up to town, Mr. Roy, in the course of to-morrow."

He only answered, "I want to see them now," and there was nothing for it but to bring them in as they were, and stand the shot.

The lawyer's clerk, more at home with figures than either of the others, and acknowledged by Brail to be "a very smart fellow," saw it all at a glance. Overcharges, false entries, a general cooking of balances at the foot of each page, and Elinor Roy's name signed in full to verify certain columns that would have thrilled her housewifely soul with indignation and dismay.

"This old catamaran must be disarmed at once," said Brail, "and she ought to be put in irons before sundown. But if we can get her to confess the truth, it's worth all the money. I should pay her off, and cut her adrift without another word."

"Mrs. Mopus, subsequently explaining matters in her own circle, asked:

"What was a poor woman to do with three great strong fellows brow-beating and bullying her, and taking down of all she said in pen and ink, as if they were judge and jury, and what not? She was that upset and put about her head or her heels, and confessed to everything in course. But as to the questions these wicked men asked, and how she answered them, she couldn't call to mind now no more than the dead!"

Brail's account, for the satisfaction of a young lady who afterwards cross-examined him pretty sharply on that and other matters, told a very different story:

"She fell on her knees, Miss Bruce," said he, "and implored mercy from us all—particularly the lawyer's clerk, whom I think she took for Jack Ketch, under a foreign flag. Then she acknowledged to having purloined the stores, falsified the accounts, and generally robbed her employer through thick and thin. Lastly she would not deny that she had practiced copying Mrs. Roy's handwriting till she became so smart at it as to forge that letter to Lord Fitzowen which so nearly blew all hands into the air. She did it because she hated her, and she hated her because she thought her mistress would never make a good wife to Mr. Roy. It was all done for her master's

sake, even the false entries in the chandler's book! She was firmly attached to him; had been so from the first—a devoted servant and a faithful friend. Though he drove her out of doors at the end of ten years, without a roof to cover her, she would always pray for his welfare; and if he would only spare her now this once, he might some day find out she had neither been so ungrateful nor so unprincipled as he supposed!"

"Was Mr. Roy satisfied?" asked the young lady, receiving this report with much condensation.

"Mr. Roy was satisfied; and, I fancy, is more attached to his wife than ever. He told me so, coming back to the train. He confessed, too, that he had behaved like a brute, and I agreed with him. But he is not in smooth water yet. From what he let out, I believe he is under a solemn promise to another lady, and is fighting with a rope round his neck. It's a very awkward business, but it serves him right! A man should stick to his colors like a man, and go down with them flying, when he can't float any longer!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WILLOW! WILLOW!

LADY JANE slept but little on the night after her Richmond dinner-party; and such broken slumbers as she did achieve were unblest by oblivion or repose. About her was the foreboding that never deceives—the shadow of coming evil, that is as surely followed by its substance as evening by night.

At five o'clock A. M. Lady Jane, tossing and tumbling, with a red cheek laid on a white arm, with a breadth of soft brown hair scattered over a laced pillow, gave herself up to despair; at seven there came a reaction; at eight a relapse; and by ten minutes past she was out of bed, writing a note to be taken round at once to Mr. Roy's lodgings by a footman who was still fast asleep. As it never reached him for whom it was intended, no confidence, perhaps, is outraged by quoting this document in full, observing, *en passant*, that, notwithstanding the lady's agitation, it was written in a beautifully clear, sloping hand, nor betrayed the least sign of emotion, save in the scoring of certain adjectives and other forcible expressions underneath.

"I have never closed an eye. What is the meaning of it all? What has happened? Why is one to be outraged, humiliated, made wretched and ridiculous for nothing? What an afternoon! What a dinner-party! and oh! what a night! I had rather die than endure such tortures again. Even Lady Pandora noticed it, and wanted to know if I suffered from the heat, I looked so ill! I did suffer, but not from heat. Anything but that. Ask yourself if you were not more than cold, distant, cruel, pointedly rude and unkind. Before all those people, too! Even that odious, over-dressed, tight-laced girl observed it. I caught her *simpering* and *oysing*. No doubt she understood everything, and wanted you for herself. If you go on like this, she is welcome to you for all I care. No. I don't mean it. But I am writing with an aching head, and oh! such a sore, sore heart. I wonder whether you care. I could understand it if I had done anything to vex you, but I hadn't. I never do. Why are you not equally considerate? After all, I made the party to please you. I asked every one of the people, even that horrid, detestable girl, that I thought you would like to meet, and what was my reward? You never said a kind word from first to last—you wouldn't walk with me, you wouldn't talk to me, you wouldn't even look at me, and you wished me good-night as if I had been a perfect stranger! Do you think I will bear it? No. Even a worm turns when trodden on, but I am not a worm, and it breaks my heart to be trodden on by you. Nobody else ever dared to try. Oh! I wonder if that is why. Never mind—come round the very instant you get this. Don't fuss about hours or appearances, or what the servants will think. I don't mind, and I am sure you need not. If you are very good, and I see you in an hour, perhaps I won't quarrel with you after all, but remain as ever,

"Too truly yours, JANE DE BANIER."

They write themselves into good-humor, over and over again. There is no such safety-valve for a woman as her blotting-book, and the compositions that do them most good are those which expect but do not require answers. While her footman dressed himself, went to Mr. Roy's lodgings, not a quarter of a mile off, and returned therefrom, which took him the best part of an hour, Lady Jane cooled down to a reasonable state of mind, and began to contemplate the future from a more hopeful point of view. It was not her nature to despond, and since her girlhood she was accustomed to place great reliance on the only person she could thoroughly trust to further her own interests—to wit, Lady Jane. The footman, feeling in so far a free agent that he was not yet powdered for the day, returned leisurely enough, and her ladyship's maid, likewise with great deliberation, took up her ladyship's note to her ladyship's room.

"What is this?" exclaimed the mistress, turning pale.

"If you please, my lady," answered the maid, "Mr. Roy was gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, my lady. The people of the house said he left no address; so Charles thought he had better bring the note back."

"Charles was right. That will do, Frounce. I'll ring when I want you."

She tried to steady her voice, and thought she had succeeded; but Frounce, a romantic person, not much fettered by an uncertain engagement to a distant butler, glanced in her face, and knew as well as we do that her lady had received a grievous hurt in those regions her maid considered most susceptible to what she was pleased to call "a disappointment of the affections."

"I never thought much of Mr. Roy," she confessed to her housekeeper, over their strong black tea. "He's not at all the sort of a gentleman I should have chose, not for my lady. No hardon, no devotion. Why, I've known him to keep of his waiting to walk out with him a quarter of an hour and more. That's not a true-hearted attachment. Mrs. Rolle, never think it!"

"It's best to kiss and be friends, when you come to that," returned Mrs. Rolle, an elderly woman, of ample proportions. "If my lady seems down-hearted-like, Miss Frounce, hadn't you better take her up another cup of tea?"

"Down-hearted" is no word to express her ladyship's discomfiture. Before luncheon she had gone through more vexation than falls to the lot of many people in a twelvemonth. With a certain willfulness that formed part of her character, she put on her bonnet, the prettiest she had, and went unattended to make inquiries at Mr. Roy's domicile for herself. These were most unsatisfactory. He was gone, of that there seemed no question. But where? Could she have found out, she might have been tempted to follow; but even then, to what good result? He had deceived and compromised her—nobody ever behaved worse; he was a villain and a traitor, yet she could get no redress!

"I should like to lie down and die," thought Lady Jane, "or at least to go to bed and not get up till the day after to-morrow; but I am engaged to dinner this very evening, and what will people think, what will people say, when they learn that he is gone out of town, if I don't show myself everywhere? No; for the children's sake, I must make an effort. That is only half a defeat which is concealed from the world, and rather than see myself pitted by Lady Pandora, I would be broken on the wheel with a smiling face!"

So her ladyship went to dinner-parties as usual, in a selection of square-cut dresses that did justice to her attractions, parrying inquiries as to Mr. Roy's absence with an affected knowledge of his movements and cool audacity, that did not the least impose on her friends. She looked handsomer than ever, people said; an improvement which Lady Pandora kindly attributed to paint, but which we are inclined to believe resulted from a subdued restlessness, that brought a deeper flush to her cheek and a brighter sparkle to her eye.

The men flocked round her by scores, more importunate, more attentive than ever. Only a woman—and a woman who had been slighted—could have detected in their manner a shade more of interest, a shade less of respect, than she had heretofore considered her due. After a while she got used to it, perhaps even liked it; but at first it was galling in the extreme. She carried her head high, though, even under this new degradation, and allowed nobody to see by her manner that she was not marching proudly to victory, but rather retiring steadily under defeat.

Yes; she could not disguise it from herself. Like every woman smarting for an imprudence shared between them, she had to bear all the man's punishment in addition to her own.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—YARD-ARM TO YARD-ARM.

MOVED by the advice of his nautical friend, nautically expressed, Mr. Roy's first impulse was to "cut and run" beyond the bounds of Britain, putting some ten leagues of salt-water between himself and one of the ladies he had so cruelly wronged. But such expatriation would in no way have furthered his reconciliation with the other; and the dearest wish of his heart, as the spirits at Mrs. Eccleston's seemed to have guessed, was again to pay his addresses, in hope of a favorable hearing, to his own wife. Under these circumstances he bethought himself that no hiding-place could be so secure as the heart of London, and removed accordingly, with his valet and effects, to a monster hotel, whence he took a fresh departure for lodgings on a second-floor, situated considerably to the east of Temple Bar. Here he was no sooner established than he proceeded to write an exceedingly penitent letter, imploring Nelly's forgiveness for past injustice, and promising, as Othello always does when he is ashamed of himself, never to suspect her again. This done, he felt assured that by return of post he would receive a full and free pardon, with a cordial invitation to the Corner Hotel, Strand.

But his letter, perhaps because it came straight from the heart, was so stiffly and even clumsily worded, that Nelly's pride took fire at some of the very phrases intended to convey great contrition and remorse, prompting her to write back such an answer as filled him with dismay. He had never calculated on her taking the higher ground, and demurring to a reconciliation with him. It was like the "I banish you!" of Coriolanus, and he felt it even more richly deserved.

She wrote temperately, nay, kindly; abjured all feelings of malice and irritation, laying great stress on her disinclination to enter into the subject of her own sufferings, or her own wrongs. But how was she ever to trust him again? How could she run the chance of seeing her life's happiness once more shattered at a blow, without a hope of defending herself?—nay, her reputation blasted by the very man who ought to protect it from the lightest breath of shame? There were certain illusions that, once dispelled, could never be restored. A woman's love must not be put off like an old dress, or changed for a newer, at the fancy of the wearer. No man, probably, could be made to understand how precious it was, how unchanging, and how eternal. She felt no shame in confessing that she would always care for him to whom she had pledged her faith at the altar, but (underlined with vigorous emphasis) nothing could undo the past, and it would be better for them never to meet again. Though she had been insufficient for his happiness, she would pray for it night and day. Though she would never more look in his dear face, she would ask his permission (underlined again) to sign herself, now and always, his true and loving wife, Elinor Roy.

That our friend was no great judge of the other sex I need scarcely observe at this stage of my narrative. Few men could be less capable of reading between the lines, in such a letter as has been quoted above; and when he sent for his adviser, Brail, post-haste, to come and counsel him under this crushing defeat, the sailor fairly laughed in his face.

"I can't make out their signals," said he, "in a general way, for I've not served my time with the women yet, and I hope I never may; but if this doesn't mean 'clear for action,' I'm—"

Dutehman. Why, man, you should never have written at all. What's the use of a letter when you can go and speak for yourself? No, no. I'm a green hand enough, but I think I have learned this much, that, wife or no wife, manœuvring is only so much time wasted. Yard-arm to yard-arm—that's the way to do it; and let the best man win!"

"Then I'll call this afternoon; but how if the waiter won't let me in?"

"Knock him into next week. It shows energy, and she'll see you're in earnest!"

"I suppose I had better," answered Roy; reflecting, however, that it would be rather hard on the waiter.

"And now," continued he, with the stiff, reserved manner it was his nature to assume when deeply moved, "I have never had an opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness. Is there anything I can do in return?"

"Yes, there is!" answered the other. "I'll be frank with you. I'm in shoal-water myself. And yet I don't know. She's far too good for me. I suppose I ought to give it up!"

"Don't do that," said Roy, kindly. "At least, not if it's Miss Bruce."

"Miss Bruce it is!" replied the sailor, with a blush on his brown face that, had it overtaken him in the ward-room, he would never have heard the last of from his messmates. "If you could put in a good word for me with Sir Hector, do you think I should have a chance?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

QUARANTINE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST YELLOW FEVER.

"SO long as yellow fever is abroad, I feel as though I were standing on a volcano," said Dr. S. O. Vanderpool, the chief of quarantine staff, to the writer, as the steam-launch *Mermade* sped across the flashing waters of the upper Bay en route to fumigate suspected ships, and to purge them of that ghastly occupant, the mere mention of which sends a thrill of apprehension to the very innermost core. What is yellow fever? We are told that it is a distinct species of fever, having its own special cause, that it rarely prevails in any but tropical or sub-tropical regions, the zone being between latitude 20° S. and 40° N.; that the special cause is destroyed by a temperature of 32° F.; that it is abrupt in its attack, commencing with a chill, not of a marked intensity, followed by pains in the head and joints, the skin becoming jaundiced or yellow, from whence the name; that then comes the vomiting of blood, called the black vomit, and then—the chances are dead against the sufferer; that the mode of death is generally by exhaustion. It is contagious. It is not infectious. When yellow fever was decimating Gibraltar, Louis, the celebrated French physician, experimented upon condemned convicts. He injected black vomit, inoculated them with it, and used every means within his power to bring them within its deadly clutches, but to no purpose; its non-contagiousness proved too much for all his skill.

"I'd rather sleep with a corpse dead of yellow fever for a whole night than wear the clothes it used when alive for an hour," was the remark made to us by an experienced disinfecter. Not a single nurse in the employ of the New York Quarantine has taken the fever in fifteen years, and Dr. Vanderpool, Thompson and McCartney, the three Quarantine officers, separately assured us that no difficulty whatever is experienced in obtaining nurses; on the contrary, that the supply is considerably greater than the demand.

QUARANTINE

may be defined as a police regulation for the exclusion of contagious diseases from a city or state. Sanitary laws are founded upon the assumption that certain diseases depend upon a specific contagion, and their professional ends are to prevent exportation, importation and spreading of contagious pestilential diseases. Quarantine goes back to the time of Moses, who prescribed (Lev. xiii.) the most stringent precautionary measures to prevent the spread of disease. He not only ordered the lepers to be set apart from the rest of the people, but required that their clothes should be purified, and even that the garments belonging to the most aggravated cases should be burned. Yellow fever visited Philadelphia in 1699, and in 1700 the General Assembly enacted the first quarantine law in this country, imposing a fine of \$500 on any unhealthy vessel that landed. The first law on the subject in New York was passed by the Colonial Legislature in 1758, and since the International Sanitary Conference, held at Constantinople in 1865, quarantine has been established on a scientific basis and in accordance with the modern notions of liberty and justice. The Quarantine establishment of New York consists of warehouses, docks and wharves, anchorage for vessels, hospitals, convalescent stations, a floating hospital, boarding-station, burying-ground, and residences for officers and men. Connected with the warehouses are apartments with appliances for special disinfection by forced ventilation, refrigerator, high steam, dry heat, and chemical disinfectives. The residence of the chief officer is situated on the high ground inside the Narrows, on the southern shore of Staten Island. It is perched like a watchdog's box at the gates of the world. Half Swiss chalet, half Norwegian satyr, it resembles the palatial villa of some retired merchant, and little does the passenger on the ocean steamer, as he gazes upon this coquetish edifice, imagine that from its walls emerges the flat which stays the shadow of death from descending at our very portals. The boat-house is perched on a ledge of land beside the dock, and attached to it the telegraph-station through which flash messages from the sea telling of plague-stricken vessels coming up the bay, reeking with pestilence, despair and doom. From the piazza everything that 'walks the sea' can be espied, and so soon as two whistles are sounded from the department-tug, lying in wait at the dock beneath, the chief, or his assistant, Dr. Thompson, are to be seen hurrying down the wooden stairway leading to the dock, for a sailing vessel is being towed up the Narrows, the yellow flag in the main rigging inviting inspection; or a steamer throbs slowly into Quarantine Bay, dropping her anchor, as by law compelled, in that haven of refuge. In ascertaining the sanitary condition of a vessel, the health officer is authorized to examine, under oath, the captain, crew and passengers, and to inspect the bill of health, manifest, log, cargo, etc.

"Yellow fever is usually to be found on sailing vessels," said the doctor, "and every vessel, steam or sail, hailing from a Southern or suspected port is brought to in the Lower Bay, where she is detained, inspected, and operated on according to her

special condition. At the expiration of her detention she is permitted to move to the Upper Bay to unload. Let us begin at the beginning. Here is a bark coming into the Narrows. This may be a simple case of inspection and permit. Come aboard!" We, the special artist and writer, in company with the doctor, stepped on to the *General Fenion* steam-tug, and proceeded, underneath the flutter of the ghastly yellow flag, to board a stately bark, that all so gracefully-glided like a thing of life into Quarantine Bay. Under her great wooden walls we saucily scooted, her crew gazing down at us in pleased curiosity. A ladder, half-rope, half-wood, all tar, was lowered, and, following the agile doctor, we clambered up the steep sides, feeling very much as Jack must have felt whilst engaged climbing the never-to-be-forgotten beanstalk. The captain, wearing the "livery of the sun," preceded the doctor to the state cabin, and, seated therein, a series of questions were put, the first being: "Are you all well on board?" The second, "Have you been well all the way?" The queries of the doctor having been satisfactorily replied to, "all hands" were ordered on deck, and the roll called, each man replying to his name. Then the doctor filled up a form, signed it, and handed it to the captain, the document being a permit authorizing the vessel to proceed to the dock.

Transferred to the steam-yacht *Mermade*, we now started on our tour of inspection down the Lower Bay. Away in the distance the Highlands of Navesink, the Hook, and the blue, hazy outlines of the Jersey shore; in the foreground Hoffman's Island, grim and gray; behind it, glowing in white-wash, Dix's Island—a veritable white sepulchre; and, further still, the hospital built *Ilinois*, resembling a gigantic floating coffin. Near the hulk was anchored the Spanish steamship *Castilla*, of Barcelona, on board of which the terrible fever was holding hideous carnival. A bark and two schooners were also impounded beneath the awful folds of the yellow flag. Away on our right stood Seguin's Point, the last resting-place of those who had been smitten down unto death—low-lying, barren, tawny, out of the world, no better site could have been selected for depositing all that the pestilential breath of the foul destroyer had left. Adjacent to this "God's acre" stands the whilom factory of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Hoffman's Island contains three gaunt, separate buildings of a brownish gray—all windows—the sun-blinds bright green. These buildings are used as a place of reception and temporary detention of persons who have been exposed to contagious or infectious diseases, but who are not actually sick. On the occasion of our visit, the island, save for the keeper, his wife and a bulldog, was tenantless, and, sending ashore some ice, we sped onward to West Bank, or Dix's Island—exclusively used for yellow fever and cholera patients. It rises from the sea a sort of model village. At one end the dock, with its spacious shed and boat-house; at the other, the residence of the superintendent, with whom are his wife and four blooming, healthy children; in the middle, side by side, like the snowy tents in an encampment, the wards—ten in number—each capable of containing two hundred patients; sweet, white, simple single-story cottages, wherein health and happiness should assuredly find sanctuary! As we gazed on the landing-place, Dante's lines, "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*," "Leave ye all hope behind who enter here," smote us vividly, for how few who ascend these steps ever retrace them again; and how many are borne across the Bay to that lonely resting-place in the yellow sands. One patient, a convalescent, sat upon the low sea-wall gazing at us from out his saffron-hued eyes. How isolated that Pariah looked, and how he watched our every movement with a morbid and never-to be satisfied interest! The doctor visits this *sanitarium* twice daily, and, swept as it is, by the life-giving sea-breeze, and almost by the sea itself, those who are committed to its shelter have every chance afforded them, since the struggle then lies between ozone and blood-poison. From Dix Island we steered for the floating hospital *Ilinois*, on whose expansive deck we were received by the physician in charge, Dr. McCartney. Around us were anchored plague-stricken ships, and even while we conversed with the doctor a tug-boat approached, towing an infected bark. The *Castilla* rode at anchor almost within hailing distance, her passengers lounging over the bulwarks, all singly, not in groups, or even in twos, scanning us with longing glances. On the preceding day a man had died on board, of the yellow fever, and on the morning of our visit one of the stewardesses succumbed. The beds were all hung up on nettles or laid out on spars in the glorious dayshine. This ship had been fumigated and disinfected, when the dreaded pestilence again made its appearance.

"How do the passengers act? Are they paralyzed with fear?" we asked of Dr. McCartney.

"There is no fear. There is a gloom and a sort of resignation," was the reply.

When the health officer boards a ship and finds disease, he instantly causes the removal of the sick, and, if a case of small-pox, every person on the vessel is vaccinated. The ship is then fumigated, the passengers being mustered on deck. Fumigating material is placed in the steerage and the steerage closed up. The disinfectant used is manganese and salt, over which oil of vitriol is thrown; then uprises a cloud of white smoke, one inhalation of which would knock a man senseless were he strong as Hercules. The manganese and salt are placed in a small tin pail, the oil of vitriol poured from a common stone jar, the pail is lowered by a rope into the compartment to be disinfected, the hatch closed, and the work of killing the intangible spectre goes bravely on. The yellow fever victim, newly attired, is lowered into the steam-launch, and, accompanied by the doctor, brought to Dix's Island, where he is received by the superintendent and nurse. It is one singular feature of the disease that even when within the shadow of death a certain muscular strength remains to the patient. Should he recover, new and disinfected clothes are given him on his quitting Quarantine. Filthy or unhealthful vessels are subject to quarantine for purification. On infected or suspected vessels all clothing, personal baggage, cotton, hemp, rags, paper, hides, skins, furs, woolsens, and other articles of animal origin, are subjected to an obligatory quarantine and purification. Molasses, sugar, and live and healthy cattle, are subjected to quarantine at the option of the health officer.

Leaving the Lower, we steamed into the Upper Bay to witness the process of fumigating unloaded vessels, as all ships coming from suspected ports are compelled to anchor in the Upper Bay, and to undergo fumigation, disinfection and cleansing. For the purpose of unloading and fumigating, gangs of stevedores are employed by contractors, these gangs living upon floating hulks in perfect isolation. Policemen are employed by Quarantine, whose duty it is to see that the vessels are being duly cared for by the special stevedores, to keep off interlopers, and to prevent all shore communication. In the Upper Bay lay an entire fleet of vessels, from a leviathan Havana steamer to a saucy three-masted schooner, some still deep in the water, others high out of it, surrounded by lighters laden

to the tops of their masts, the busy cranes clanking, the brawny stevedores working as only stevedores know how to work. A flag flying at the foremast tells the doctor that the ship is ready for inspection.

We boarded the steamer, the fumigating apparatus being hauled up after us. Her hold had been emptied, scraped, scrubbed and cleansed, and now awaited the lynx eye of the health officer. Accompanied by his assistant, Dr. Vanderpool, inspected the ship, preceded by his sub-officer who bore a lantern; and, having satisfied himself that all sanitary requirements had been fulfilled, ordered fumigation. The deadly foe to disease having been lowered into the hold, the hatches were battered down, and in the darkness the two elements were left to contend for mastery. On deck the crew were mustered, the captain at their head. Calling the roll, each man stepped forward in turn. "Look me in the eye!" exclaimed the health officer, and, casting an incisive glance into the eyes of each of the crew as they passed onwards, Dr. Vanderpool expressed himself satisfied, and issued the necessary permission for the steamer to proceed to the wharf.

"I can tell when there is yellow fever in a ship by the eyes of those on board," observed the doctor, as we steamed over to the ill-fated *Ida Lawrence*, whose crew, including the captain, were all down in yellow fever, save two, when she arrived at the Delaware breakwater.

We interviewed a mulatto who had been amongst the sufferers. This man had had the yellow fever twice.

"Did you give yourself up?" we asked.

"No, sir; never. It came on me awful quick, knocking me on the head, and splitting up my back with pain. I felt a little skeered when the black vomit came on the third day. Oh, but I was awful sick!"

Having inspected several vessels, we steamed back to Quarantine, and took leave of Dr. Vanderpool and Thompson, feeling fully assured that all that zeal, care and efficiency can do to fend off the terrible visitation of yellow fever is being done by these capable gentlemen and the able and experienced staff at their disposal.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. J. S. Myer, of Virginia City, Nev., has rediscovered the lost Egyptian art of tempering copper tools to a more lasting cutting edge than steel ones will hold.

The ammonia of the commercial fertilizers manufactured in the suburbs of Augusta, Ga., has completely driven out the chills and fever and other malaria that used to infest the locality.

Lightning has been proved, in one instance, to have struck a church with a force equal to more than 12,000 horse-power, or equal to the raising of 384,000,000 pounds one foot in a minute.

When Swallows Fly Low wet weather may be expected, because the insects which the swallows pursue in their flight are flying low to escape the moisture of the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Captain Francis Wittl, of the Austrian Navy, will shortly proceed to Borneo in connection with the scheme for exploring and colonizing the large tract of country in the north of the island, of which Baron von Overbeck recently obtained a concession from the Sultans of Borneo and Sulu.

M. Bardoux has sent to the prefects of the several departments of France a circular, asking them to collect information on the resources, working and composition of the meteorological commissions established by Leverrier. The minister intends to give to these boards a uniform organization.

Sir Samuel Baker, in a letter to a contemporary, advocates the establishment of a botanical garden in Cyprus, similar to that in Ceylon, under the charge of a competent official, by whom experiments will be made, and the trees most suitable for the climate and varying altitudes of mountain ranges be selected.

M. Bertillon, of the Anthropological Society of Paris, finds that in France there are 105 males born alive to every 100 females; while in still born children there are 137 males to 100 females. This applies only to legitimate children. Statistics show that first-born children are more frequently masculine than females.

The British Museum has acquired the collection from Malta—made by Admiral Spratt and Dr. Leith Adams—of the remains of pygmy elephants found in the caves and fissures. Hundreds of fragments of animals of all ages have been found, so that the knowledge of those extinct creatures may now be made fairly exact.

The so-called Geode Bed of the Keokuk formation (subcarboniferous) occupies a region about Keokuk, Iowa, a hundred miles long and sixty miles wide. This curious geological deposit is characterized by the abundant occurrence in it of "large, hollow stone balls set inside with myriads of brilliant crystals," and known as geodes.

A German Egyptologist has brought to the University of Freiburg an immense and exceedingly valuable collection of antiquities from the land of the Pharaohs. It includes three hundred mummy skulls, all in excellent condition, that were found in the Pyramids and among the ruins of Thebes, Dendera and Abydos; eighty mummies of animals, and a vast variety of flint-stone instruments, vases, amulets and trinkets.

Influence of Light and Radiant Heat upon Plants.—Herr Wiesner has been experimenting on this subject, and comes to the following conclusions: A part of the light which has traversed chlorophyll is transformed into heat, then results an elevation of temperature within the tissues and a consequent increase of tension of aqueous vapor in the intercellular spaces. The excess of vapor escapes through the stomata. The rays which correspond to the absorption bands of the chlorophyll spectrum, and not the rays which are most luminous, are those which are efficient in transpiration; rays which have passed through a solution of chlorophyll exert only a feeble influence. Wiesner has further shown that the dark heat-rays are less active in transpiration than the luminous rays, and that the ultra-violet rays have no influence at all; and that whatever may be the nature of the rays, they act solely by elevating the temperature of the tissues.

Fossil Trilobites.—Mr. C. D. Walcott has called attention to the fact that when collecting fossils he finds large numbers of trilobites on their backs; from this he argues that they died in their natural position, and that when living they probably swam on their backs. He mentions, in support of his view, the well-known fact that very young limulus and other crustacea frequently swim in that position. Professor Agassiz states that he has for several summers kept young horse-shoe crabs in his jars, and has noticed that besides thus often swimming on their backs, they will remain in a similar position for hours, perfectly quiet, in the bottom of the jars where they are kept. The horse-shoe crabs also feed on its back, and cast their skin while in this position, and are found dead on their backs, all of which goes to confirm the theory of Mr. Walcott in reference to the ancient trilobites of which we have such fine specimens in the Trenton limestone of New York.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HORDEL's was the first execution that had taken place in Berlin since 1866.

PRINCE GEORGE DEMETRIUS BINESCO is likely to be agreed upon by Russia and England for the throne of Bulgaria.

ASA GRAY, LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass., has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences.

HON. J. G. DICKERSON, LL.D., Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, died in Belfast, Me., September 1st, aged sixty-five years.

ROSA BONHEUR begins to show signs of ageing. Her hair is becoming quite gray, though still plentiful; but her frank and charming manner remains.

CAPTAIN MARTIN L. POLAND, the only son of Judge Poland, of Vermont, died suddenly at Fort Yuma, Arizona, on the 21st of August. He was graduated from West Point in the year 1864.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS entertained all her tenants at tea recently. They numbered about a thousand, and had a very pleasant time in going over the mansion and grounds of the Baroness at Highgate.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, son of Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie fame, died last Friday at his home in Andover, Mass. He was generally known as Captain Perry, as he was for many years a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

DR. JOSEPH KIDD, the homeopathic physician who was summoned from London to Berlin to attend Lord Beaconsfield, charged one hundred guineas a day for the period of his absence from his patients. His practice is said to be worth more than that.

THE first visit which King Humbert made after the death of his father was to his native city, Turin, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the people has convinced the Republicans in Italy that there is more devotion to the House of Savoy than they had imagined.

EX-JUDGE T. BRADFORD DWIGHT, of Philadelphia, died September 1st, at Seminary Hill, near Andover, Mass. The deceased was forty-one years old, and was one of the three Judges of the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia. He was elected under the new Constitution of Pennsylvania.

IN the court circles of Berlin a projected marriage is spoken of between William III., King of Holland, and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Her Royal Highness was born in 1854, and is, through her mother, the Princess Sophie of Holland, niece of King William.

It is stated that Commander Cameron will start for Cyprus soon. Thence he will cross to Asia Minor to survey a route for the construction of a railway to the Persian Gulf. His route will lie through Asia, Marash, Aintab, Diarbekir, Mardin, Mosul, Bagdad and Basorah. The survey will probably occupy ten months.

CHIEF-JUSTICE MELLON CHAMBERLAIN, of the Boston Municipal Court, has been appointed Librarian of the Public Library of that city. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Cambridge Law School, and has been a member of both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature. He has held a seat in the Boston Municipal Court for the past twelve years.

THE infant Prince Imperial Yuki Hito Take-no-Miya, heir-apparent to the throne of Japan, who died recently, was the son of the Emperor by Princess Yanagihara, born on the 23d of September, 1877. He died of an affection of the brain on the 27th of July last. The Emperor is, by this bereavement, again rendered childless. The remains of the infant heir were buried with imposing ceremonies on the 2d of August.

MADAME TAGLIONI has beauty and exquisite grace still, although in her seventieth year. She is a woman of much wit and cultivation, and is generally liked in London, where she lives. She is now too old to visit abroad, but at her own parties she welcomes with vivacious charm people of the best society. Until very lately she gave lessons in dancing and deportment to the "daughters of the nobility and gentry," but this is now beyond her strength.

MR. CARLYLE, although now past eighty-three, is so well and strong that he has been making a Summer visit to Scotland. His pleasant but simple home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea—a house nearly two hundred years old—is presided over by his niece, Miss Aiken, an amiable lady of middle age. In the bright garden the sage comfortably smokes, and twice every day he walks abroad among the quaint and narrow streets of Chelsea, one of the oldest and most interesting parts of London.

BISHOP KEANE, the new Bishop of Richmond, Va., has had a magnificent chalice sent to him by Madame De Freyre, the widow of the late Peruvian Minister. It is of solid gold, about sixteen inches in height, has three groups of figures in bas-relief, representing the carrying of the cross, the resurrection, and lying in the sepulchre. There is also a cross made of rubies, in the centre of which there is a large solitaire. On the base it bears the following inscription: "Presented by Madame De Freyre to the Right Rev. John J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va."

JEREMIAH YOCUM, a Cape Cod Yankee, turns up a mandarin, who comes back to his native country as an attaché of the recently arrived Chinese Embassy. The story goes that his father, the captain of a whaler, rescued a disabled junk in 1841, containing five Chinese mandarins of high rank, and towed it into port. The captain was loaded with presents at the time, and, when he returned with his orphaned son on the next voyage, the boy was sent to the royal preparatory school at Canton. At seventeen, he entered the Imperial College and spent eight years mastering the Chinese language, after which, he taught and translated Chinese geography into English. Last year he was made a mandarin and attached to the Chinese mission to the United States.

QUEEN LOUISE of Denmark is quite an expert in finding a market for her children. Since the Prussians have been eating into his territory, the poor blind King Christian has been suffering with a severe strain on his royal purse, and it therefore becomes the duty of his good wife to see that the princes and princesses are well bestowed. So far she has done pretty well. One of her sons espoused the eldest daughter of the King of Sweden; her second son, George, obtained Olga, the Grand Duchess of Russia, and is now King of Greece; Alexandra, her eldest daughter, is Princess of Wales, and Dagmar, the second, wife of the Czarowitz of Russia; so that both of the eldest daughters are in a fair way to sit on thrones before many years have passed. The latest accomplishment of the keen old Queen has been the arranged nuptials between her young daughter Thyra and Prince Louis Napoleon. The probability of her ever reclining on a throne is rather more remote; but the ex-Empress Eugénie has managed to scrape together about \$8,000,000 from the wreck of her fortune, and will be able to endow the princess in style. The old Queen has only one thing more to live for, namely, the disposition of young Prince Waldemar, aged twenty, and this done, she will feel like taking a rest.



A BRIDAL PARTY GOING ABOARD.

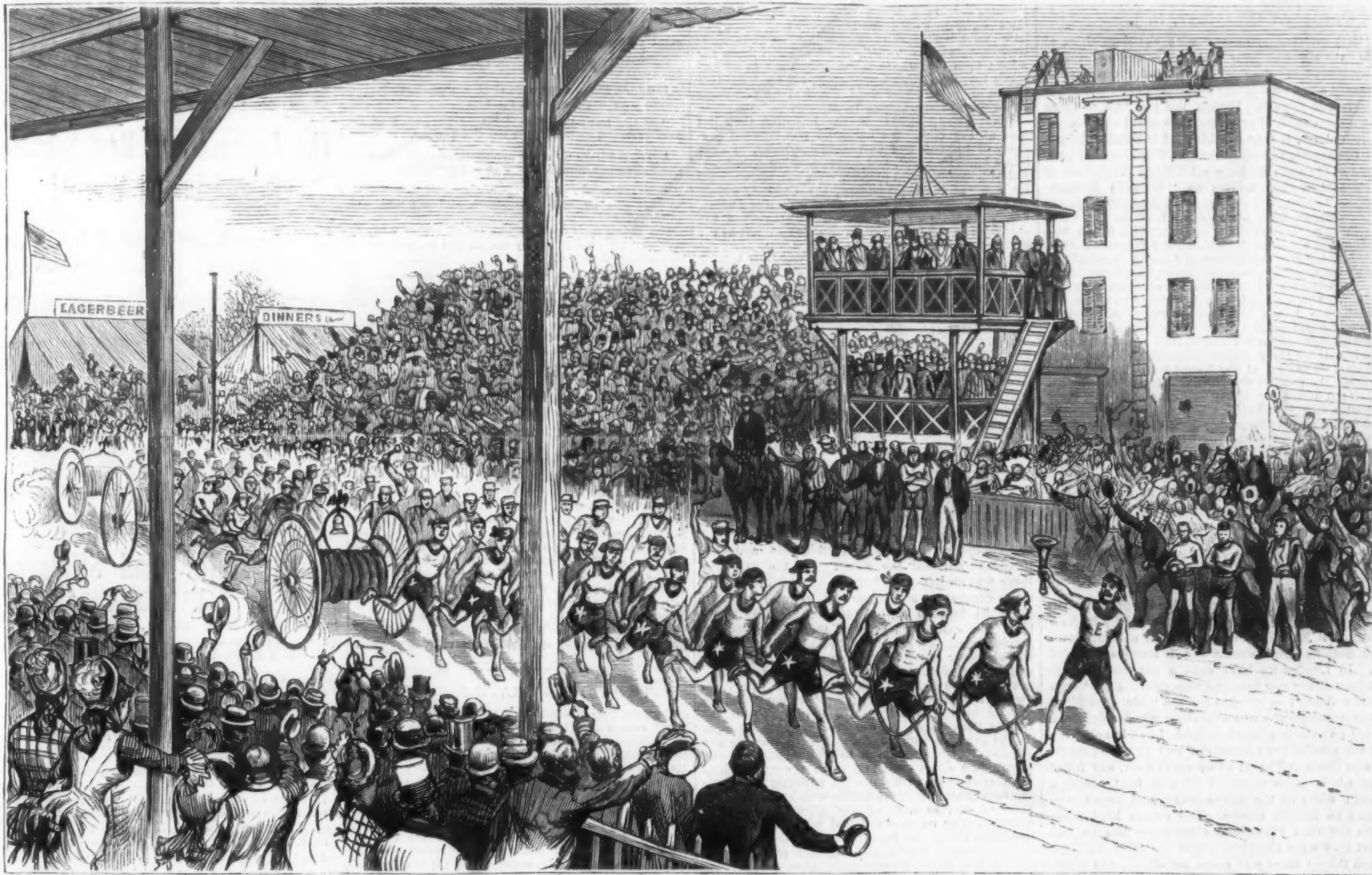


"THAT MARRIED COUPLE AGAIN."

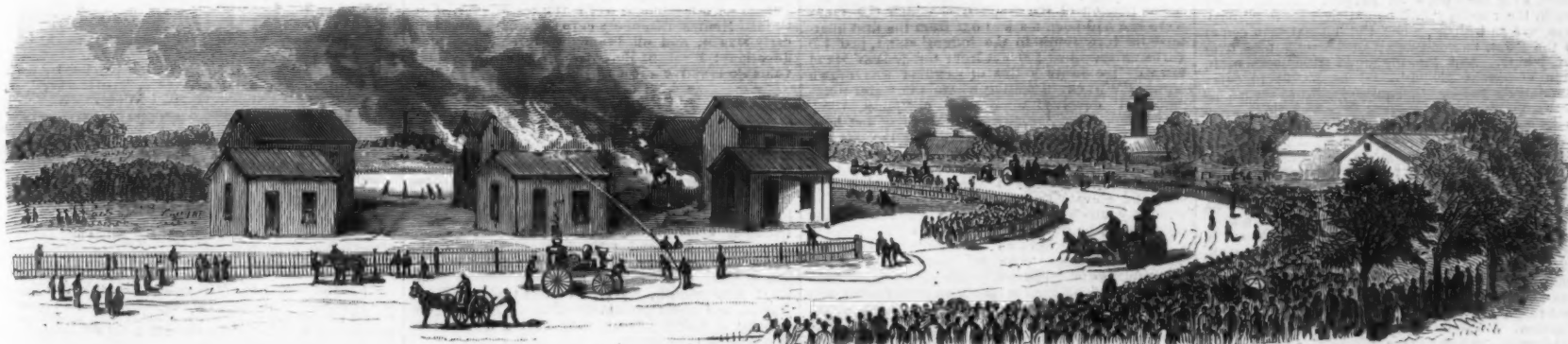


THE FAMOUS BRIDAL CHAMBER OF THE STEAMER "NEW YORK."

NEW YORK.—AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF MARINE TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES—FROM THE METROPOLIS TO THE CAPITAL AND RETURN.—SEE PAGE 46.

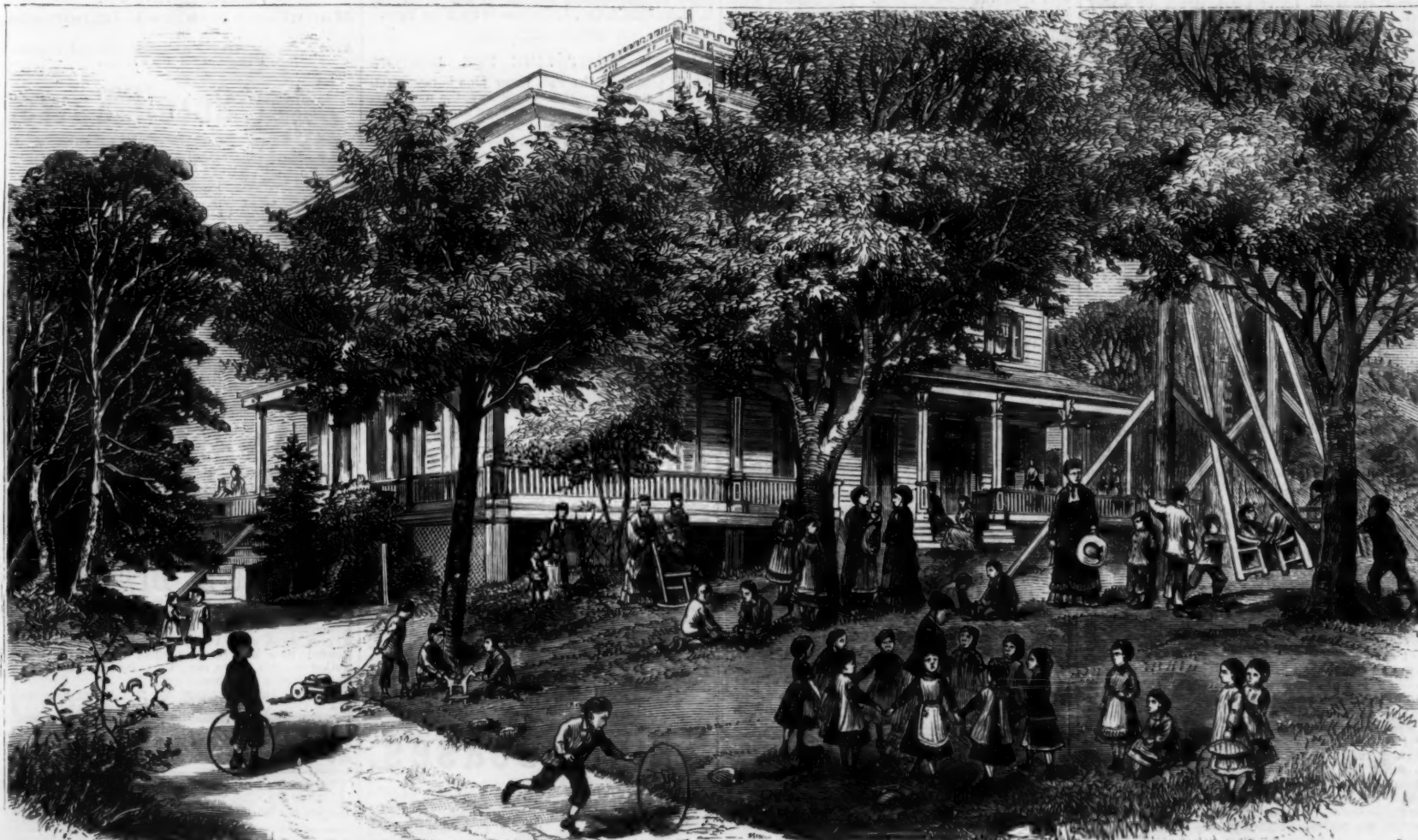


VOLUNTEER HOSE COMPANIES RUNNING FOR THE CHAMPION NATIONAL BELT, AT DEXTER PARK, SEPTEMBER 4TH.



COMPETITIVE TEST OF APPARATUS ON BUILDINGS ERECTED TO BE BURNED, SEPTEMBER 5TH.

ILLINOIS.—NATIONAL FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT, AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3D TO 8TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 46.



NEW JERSEY.—THE WRIGHT SUMMER HOME, AT OCEANPORT, FOR FRIENDLESS AND CRUELLY-TREATED CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 46.

"WRIGHT'S SUMMER HOME," AT OCEANPORT, N. J.

THE growing sympathy with the necessities of the sick and poor children of the metropolis, manifested in organized efforts for their relief, affords a most gratifying evidence of Christian progress and growth. During the last two or three years this spirit of sympathy has found expression, particularly, in the establishment of Summer homes at the seaside and elsewhere for friendless children. One of the more recently established institutions of this sort is that known as "Wright's Summer Home," under the auspices of the American Female Guardian Society, at Oceanport, about two miles from Long Branch, New Jersey. The Home was the gift of Mr. John D. Wright, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with the condition that the children from the latter Society should be received as occasion may demand. The property was formerly known as the Dunbarton House—a favorite resort of wealthy New Yorkers—and consists of four acres of lawn and garden, well shaded with fruit and other trees, and a three-story house, containing about forty rooms. The cost of the house was about \$20,000. During the past Summer it has been crowded with children of the friendless and cruelly treated class (sent down in relays), who, while enjoying the healthful surroundings, have given one hour daily to their usual lessons. The benefits derived by the little inmates have been almost incalculable. The Female Guardian Society will receive thankfully any donations of cash or furniture which the liberal-minded may feel inclined to make in furtherance of the worthy enterprise.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN MARINE TRAVEL.

I WAS awfully glad when a friend proposed a trip to Saratoga. I had been awfully jolly in New York, but New York had gone out of town, leaving nothing but its streets and its tram-cars behind it. In London we have such a perpetual flow of visitors—over one hundred thousand daily—that a fellow doesn't so much miss the "big crowd" as here, consequently when Saratoga was decided upon I felt extremely pleased indeed. I had heard much of the palatial river steamers, and expected much. I was down at Pier 41 at an early hour, and found the whole place occupied by one boat. Such a boat! white as the driven snow, and larger than many an English village. The people kept going into her until I imagined some game was up, and that they were stepping out at the other side. No such thing; there was room for all, ay, and more. It was something immense to see the men getting into line for the ticket-office, with as much precision as if they were on parade. No hurry, no crush, the regular "first come, first served" business, not as with us, when the biggest man comes to the front, and muscular Christianity tops over everything. And the luggage! mountains of it, from enormous nickel-bound boxes, fit to carry Cleopatra's Needle, to dainty hand-bags, such as Queen Victoria's messengers take with them when rushing at sixty miles an hour "Upon Her Majesty's Service."

It was awfully amusing to see this mountain gradually dissolving, as truck after truck bore its load within the recesses of the palatial *Dreus*. For the first time I made acquaintance with a Saratoga trunk, and from what I see of it, it seems a first class invention—for another man's wife. Near the gangway stood a handsome, gentlemanlike man, whose semi-naval uniform looked as though out by Smallpox, of Regent Street. This, I was informed, was Captain Roe, one of the most courteous and best-respected captains on the sea-like rivers of America. I was instructed by my friend to take a state-room—at home I would have asked for a berth—and, having paid my money, became intrusted with the key of a charming little bedroom, better fitted up than that at my club, and boasting an electric bell. As I turned out of my newly acquired apartment I was much struck by a very stylishly attired young lady, gotten up to the pitch of traveling perfection, and as new as Lord Beaconsfield's Garter. The man with her was also as if recently turned off a lathe. He carried a couple of hand-bags that had never seen rain or shine before. He hung lovingly around the lady, bending over to her, whispering into her ear, touching her hand, or her dress, or her parasol. "By Jove!" thought I, "this is a brand-new bride and bridegroom, and what a doddish queer place to select for the moon." Mentioning this to Captain Roe, with a smile, he ordered a portly colored stewardess to open a door right opposite to where I stood. "This," he said, "is the bridal chamber—we have two on board. As the pink one happens to be occupied, I can show you the blue." Availing myself of the captain's kindness, I entered the Temple of Hymen, which is a symphony in blue and white, with a ceiling resembling a wedding-cake. It is sixteen feet long, twelve broad, and nine feet high, and *piquante* as a boudoir in Le Petit Trianon. The walls are white, supported by fluted pillars with gilt capitals; the cornices of gold, and in each corner stands a statuette of Cupid. The ceiling is a perfect broderie of white and pink and gold, frozen lace-work, ornamented with medallions representing appropriate scenes in mythological history. Wreaths of orange blossoms entwined with forget-me-nots decorate it, within which are amorous love-birds, while in the centre of the ceiling, in relief, a pair of turtle doves bill and coo upon a perch composed of hymeneal torches, and the new spent arrows of the rosy god. The chamber is lighted by two windows, hung with blue satin curtains trimmed with gold fringe, the inner curtain being of lace. A mirror, whose gilt frame is composed of Cupids and orange-blossoms, extends from floor to ceiling; an inlaid table upon which is placed a richly chased tray, with ice pitcher and goblets, an easy-chair, a caressing lounge, a rosewood toilet-stand fitted up in blue, and the bed, constitute the furniture of this fairy-like apartment. Such a bed! rosewood, gilt to the carpet, with a blue satin spread covered with real lace, pillows to match, and a rug soft as the tenderest sigh ever breathed by love-stricken swain. The president of the company, too, is the happy possessor of a special room fitted up in the extremity of good taste.

A gong sounded for dinner, and, following a strong lead, as we do at whist, I found myself in a large, brilliantly-lighted apartment, set with several tables. The menu was extensive enough to meet the requirements of the most exacting appetite, while the vizards bore witness to skillful cookery. After dinner I went for a stroll, yea, a veritable stroll—in a saloon picked out in white and gold, the chandeliers burning gas, and the motion being so imperceptible that the glass drops did not

even waggle—on a carpet fit for Buckingham Palace, and in a grove of sumptuous furniture; then for'd, where many gentlemen in straw hats were engaged in discussing the chances of General Grant for something or other, I know not what; then aft, where many ladies sat in picturesque traveling attitudes, gazing at the soft outlines of the shore on either hand, some alone and some doing the next best thing to flirting.

What a sleep I had! No more motion than if I was at the club. No noise, no confounded perfume of train-oil and its rancid confederates. I slept like a humming-bird, and next morning found myself at Albany. This place is on a hill, surmounted by a white marble building, the Capitol, which, when completed, will be an awfully imposing affair. I took the train for Saratoga—a drawing-room car—and such a *boudoir* on wheels!—I felt as if I was in a club-window all the time.

Saratoga is awfully jolly. It is the best thing I have seen, with its main street as wide as the Boulevard Malesherbe or Haussmann, and lined for a mile and a half with magnificent elms, which shade hotels as big as some European towns. It is always thronged with carriages just like Rotten Row in the season, and lots of people on horseback. The piazzas of the hotels are crowded with stunningly pretty girls, dressed, all over the place. Overhead is an Italian sky, blue as sapphire, and a golden tropical light falls around, picking out the shadows in dazzling contrast. "I guess," as the Americans say, I'll drive my stakes pretty deep here.

NATIONAL FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT AT CHICAGO.

A NATIONAL firemen's tournament, under the auspices of the Illinois Association, was opened in Chicago, on Tuesday, September 24, and continued throughout the week. On the first day there was an imposing parade. In addition to the many companies and apparatus from all sections, the First Brigade of the Illinois State Militia and local fire companies were in the procession. A marching salute was paid to President Hayes, who was stopping in the city on his way to Minnesota; and in the afternoon exhibitions were given by a portion of the Chicago Fire Department. On Wednesday the volunteer hose companies contested for the national championship belt in races on the Dexter Park track. There were fully 15,000 people on the grounds during the day. The railroads and street-car lines which run to that section of the city put on extra cars, and even the early trains were crowded to their utmost capacity. Besides the two original covered stands which have always been on the ground for the accommodation of spectators, an extra stand had been built on the opposite side of the race-track. All these, as well as the judges' stand, the officers' pavilion, the private box stand, the roof and windows of the large four-story building which had been erected to be burnt during the tournament, were black with human beings.

The portion of the track over which the races were run had been marked out from the first quarter-mile turn south to the judges' stand, just 400 yards north. Just 300 feet from the judges' stand towards the south a line of sawdust was drawn across the track, indicating where the water-plugs stood. It devolved upon each company, when they reached the line, to drop the end of the hose and then keep on running towards the judges' stand, unreeling as they went 300 feet of hose. Reaching the stand, they were to detach the hose from the hose-cart, attach the nozzle to the loosened end, and elevate the nozzle perpendicularly. The company which performed the feat in the shortest time was to be declared winner.

Thursday was devoted to volunteer hook and ladder companies, chemical engine companies, foot racing, etc. The test of chemical engines was by extinguishing fires in buildings constructed and prepared for the purpose, the companies extinguishing the fire with the least amount of loss to the building, including water, being entitled to national and State prizes.

The programme on Friday began with tests by hand-engine companies on distances, which were followed by a trial of steam fire engines, beginning with cold water on distance. Ten minutes were allowed to work from the time of lighting the fire. Exhibitions of hitching to apparatus then followed. Gold medals were presented to the four men making the best time in hooking eight snags, four traces, two pole-chains and two crosslines. A gold badge was presented to the person making the quickest time by hitching single-handed, in the manner above described.

On Saturday there were trials for sweepstakes, beginning with hand engine companies; competitive trials between steam fire engines, in hitching up, running, and extinguishing fire in buildings erected expressly to be burned for the test; a drill of hook and ladder companies, and a fine display of the practical working of the Sappers' and Miners' corps.

There were cash prizes amounting to \$10,000, in addition to appropriate fire materials, distributed at the close of the tournament.

"POLYTECHNIC" NOW AND THEN.

IN 1833, when the Bill to incorporate the Polytechnic College of the State of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, was before the Legislature of that State, a member was loud in his opposition. Upon being asked why he opposed the Bill, he exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, what's the use of chartering a college to teach how to make fireworks?" The specimen legislator confounded polytechnic with pyrotechnic, and could with difficulty be persuaded that the two words did not mean the same thing! So the friends of the pioneer institution had not only to impart technical education, but also to teach the people what it was, and they began by establishing a school of civil engineering, to which they added, from time to time, schools of mechanical engineering, of mine engineering, of architecture and of chemistry and metallurgy. And surely after the lapse of a quarter of a century they have reason to be proud of their institution and its work. Its value is attested on both continents. Moreover, not only is polytechnic one of the best understood words in the language, but the kind of education which it signifies is everywhere popular, and State vies with State in the effort to introduce it. The movement is irresistible, and Congress aids it by liberal grants of public lands.

FUN.

A GRAND shell-race—The oyster.

EVERY tramp is in favor of the ate-hour law.

A MAN with a cast in his eye—The stage manager.

"CHAM'S" idea of a Congress: First gamin to second gamin—A Congress? This is it. I want,

to do something for you, so I give you that gentleman's watch. Then you have to go and take it.

WHAT a barber should talk about while shaving a man—About two seconds.

NEVER let a boy-baby walk too soon. He might turn out a tramp.

IF there should be a foul in a single-scutt race ought they to pull over again?

"BLACK bury jam," said he, as he gazed at an over-crowded cemetery for colored people.

A WORD which is never pronounced right even by the most exact scholars.—The word "wrong."

WHY is Canada not able to see so well this month as she will be next? Because she has not her Lorgnette!

IT'S worth only ninety-three cents, and the banks will not receive it. Why not in the future call it the betrayed dollar?

"MEN will go by a good thing," says an exchange. But very few of them will go buy an umbrella—and that's a good thing when it rains. Nor will they go by one—in rainy weather—if no one is looking.

IT is expected that at the next Democratic State Convention a resolution will be unanimously adopted denouncing the present Administration for permitting the yellow fever to break out in the South. The chairman of the State committee in his next address will probably refer to the scourge as a part of the usurper Hayes's Southern policy.

HOW FAT CAN A PERSON BECOME?

MIRABEAU, alluding to a very corpulent person, said: "He has only been created to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without bursting." Then, corpulence was believed to be a natural condition; now, it is known to be a disease. Hundreds who had considered themselves useless for life, by reason of too much fat, have, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat, been reduced to a healthy and natural size. This great remedy for corpulence is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It cures indigestion and tones up the system. Sold by druggists.

TWO NOTED GRAVE ROBBERS.

Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave-robbers in the country, so far from being the subjects of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their virtues. The reason is plain. While the former class steal the dead bodies of our loved ones to submit them to the dissecting-knife, these only rob the graves to restore the living victims to our hearts and homes. Their names—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—are household words the world over. The Golden Medical Discovery cures consumption, in its early stages, and all bronchial, throat, and lung affections; Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the most valuable laxative and cathartic.

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On Monday, September 30th, the Commonwealth Distribution Company, by State authority, will hold its FIFTH GRAND DRAWING, in Louisville, Ky., distributing 1,960 prizes, from \$30,000 down to \$10, aggregating a grand total of \$115,400 in cash. These popular Drawings take place under the entire control of such representative men as Hon. R. C. Wintersmith, Ex-Treas. State; Gen'l T. A. Harris, and other prominent citizens, solely in the interest of ticket-holders, they having no connection with the Company.

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SUNDAY NIGHT LINE FOR BOSTON.

THE traffic on the Fall River Line between this city and Boston continues so heavy, the managers are compelled to continue Sunday trips until after the 22d inst. Steamers "Bristol" and "Providence" leave Pier 23, N. R., foot of Murray Street, at 5:15 P. M.

THE most popular lunch-room in New York is that of the St. Nicholas Hotel, which, in food, service, appointments and fair prices, is without an equal. Add to these attractions its central location, and its daily throng of customers is readily explained.

A. WERNER & Co., 303 Broadway, New York, gave the entire proceeds of the sales of their "America" Extra Dry Champagne on Tuesday, 10th inst., to the relief of the sufferers from yellow fever.

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Combat between a Toad and a Spider. The Empress Josephine: Josephine, Empress of France; The Empress Josephine and her two Countrywomen; Madame de Maintenon and Mlle. de Rivery, the Sultana; Napoleon Bonaparte, after the Portrait by De La Roche; The Salon of Madame Tallien. Norman Desborough's Son: "Mr. Harrington snatched the card and tore off the tissue-paper—they saw the face of a beautiful girl." "Challoner suddenly caught her in his arms and started to his feet with a dreadful laugh." A Sweet Friend. A Night in a Jungle. The Wanderings of a Capuchin—Father Denis and his Negro Guide. Pig-Sticking Extraordinary. Try it Again. A Struggle for Life. Sketches of Manitoba: Red River Indians—Dog Train—The Winnipeg Water Works; Shooting a Rapid—Little Fox—Indian Graves. A Village Coffee House in Egypt. Behind the Mountains. All Hallow Eve: "She opens the door, with eyes bent on the ground."—"The fire burns low, the nuts are named." "She stands the massive mirror now before."—"His arm is round her. 'Tis thy Florian sweet.'" Storks and their Nests. The Heroism of Mary Magdalene de Vercheres. The Astrologist's Stone. A Peddler in Shakespeare's Time. The Capture of Edinburgh Castle, March, 1313. Margery Daw—The Money Woman. Southern Scenes: Negro Stable Hands and Jockeys, at a Southern Race Course, betting on their Favorites. Boy in the Distance. Comic. The Charge of the Light Brigade. Ocean Steamers and Steam Navigation: The Great Western Arriving at the Battery, New York; Adjusting a Screw Propeller for a Line-of-Battle Ship—The Steamship Leaving Crossed, from an old Print; The Great Eastern, and Section showing Interior Arrangements; The Great Eastern at her Dock in New York; The Cunard Steamer *Persia*. The Important Letter.

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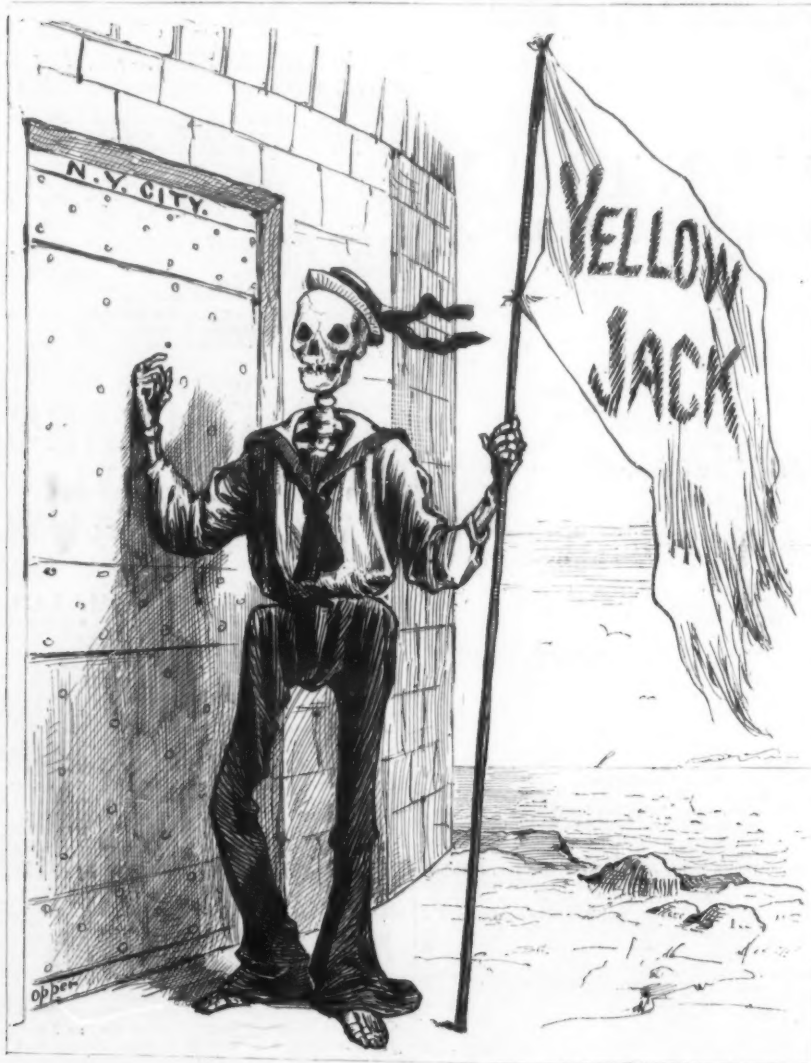
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